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THE DEFAULTING PRESS AND VIETNAM

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IRELAND'S STALLED REVOLUTION

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With the loosening of B-52s on suburban Saigon and the application of the Bentre strategy ("destroy the town to

Biddle entered complaints with Arch-

As for Father Aucoin, he rejected Biddle's complaint, saying "the only scandal present here is pharisaical." He also rejected the suggestion that the Church of the Assumption is segregated. "Occasional attendance by Negroes has been routine for the past few years," he reported to the Archbishop.

The indictment is a hard and just one, but allows of exceptions. Some are quite notable: the *Providence Visitor*, the *Oakford Catholic Voice*, the *Michigan Catholic*, the *Hartford Transcript*, the *Catholic Star-Herald* of Camden, the *St. Louis Review*. There are a few more, but mighty few.

JOHN DEEDY

CORRESPONDENCE

A Bishop Responds

London, Ontario
To the Editors: You have my deep appreciation for the open, honest and substantial treatment given to our Diocesan Synod of this Church of London [June 21]. The fact that the Managing Editor took the trouble to come to us and to research the article is an example of journalistic and professional responsibility that might well be imitated by all of us. Nor am I going to cry "foul" or "misquote" where a few phrases hurt a little. However, I do respectfully request a little space to comment on some attitudes which the unwary might read into my attitudes or remarks as reported.

The first point is that, as I said to Mr. Deedy, the farthest thing from my mind was to desire to engage in invidious comparison with my brother bishops of the United States. They have enough trouble without any sniping across the border from me. President Kennedy once said of Canada and the United States, "Geography has made us neighbors, history has made us friends." My personal experience of being received with utter warmth and hospitality in so many dioceses of the United States imposes upon me no slight burden of gratitude. And everywhere I have gone, usually in academic circles, I have found a vibrant, living and truly Christ-like Church. Growing pains, yes, but a clergy and people second to none in the countries of the world. I salute the Church in the United States with respect and reverence.

May I also point out that the characteristic "independence" applied by me to the Church in Canada must be carefully analyzed. No hierarchy in the world is more devoted to the Holy Father and the Primacy of the Successor of Peter. We have a long and glorious history in this connection dating back to the foundation of our Church by great Bishops loyal to Peter and I should be misguided indeed to imply

(Continued on page 477)

NEWS & VIEWS: 450

CORRESPONDENCE: 451

EDITORIALS: 451

POOR PEOPLE GOODBYE: Robert Terrell 453

THE SECRET SERVICE AS MOTHER HEN: Christopher Norwood 454

STOP AND FRISK: Isidore Silver 455

THE DEFAULTING PRESS AND VIETNAM: Nathan B. Blumberg 457

A SUBSTITUTE FOR WELFARE: Ernest Garvey 462

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN: Sean Cronin 464

VERSE: William Goodreau 466

RECORDS: B. H. Haggin 467 **THE SCREEN:** Philip T. Hartung 468

ETC: John Quirk 469

BOOKS: 471

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THE POPE'S "NEW CREDO"

Historians have often observed that the Ultramontane movement of the nineteenth century, symbolically culminating in the conciliar teaching on papal infallibility during Vatican I, was in great part a response to the declining secular power of the papacy. With the loss of the papal lands at hand, the diminished prestige of the Church in a revolutionary Europe increasingly apparent, and the advent of our own contemporary world on the horizon, some desperate measures were needed. They were taken, and the outcome was a revived papacy, a highly centralized Church and the mainly successful exchange of temporal prestige for spiritual majesty.

Now, from all sides, it is becoming clear that the spiritual majesty thus created was a fragile artifact. Once again the prestige of the papacy is slipping, very rapidly so; and with it is slipping that elaborately constructed ecclesiastical machinery meant to exemplify Catholic unity and papal hegemony. Underground churches, unauthorized liturgies, radical theologies, to mention only a few aspects of the present scene, testify to the decline. A few years ago, a papal message like that of Pope Paul's recent "new credo" would have induced anguish in some quarters and panic in others; a spate of carefully nuanced commentaries would have appeared. That's not likely to happen now. Almost singlehandedly, Pope Paul has tried to keep the lingering vestiges of ultramontanism alive, and with it the transcendence of his own office. Most signs point in one direction: he is failing. Where the pressures against the papacy in the nineteenth century were primarily external, now they are primarily internal. Oddly enough, since Pope John XXIII, the world prestige of the papacy has gained ground; but within the Church itself it has lost ground. The "new credo" and its accompanying message help explain the latter.

There are repeated in the message familiar phrases of warning about

12 July 1968: 451

"passion for change and novelty," about "disturbance and perplexity in many faithful souls," about "arbitrary hypotheses." Despite the Pope's avowal that the Church has the duty "to carry on the effort to study more deeply and to present in a manner ever better adapted to successive generations the unfathomable mysteries of God," there is practically nothing in his own message or "new credo" to indicate he is willing to see this happen. Instead, what the document mainly accomplishes is to underscore the great chasm between papal thinking and the forward movement of Catholic theology.

There cannot be many Catholic biblical theologians left who would be willing to speak of an "original offense" committed by someone named "Adam." There cannot be many sacramental theologians left who would say that the doctrine of the real presence is "very appropriately called by the Church transubstantiation." There cannot be many liturgists around ready to glorify adoration of the "Blessed Host." There cannot be many ecclesiologists left who would give the biblical image of the Church as "Body of Christ" a primacy over other images. There cannot be many dogmatic theologians left who would care to speak of those who refuse God's love and pity as "going to the fire that will not extinguish." In sum, there cannot be many theologians left who would be able to assent to a message and a "new credo" whose content not only fails to reflect even Vatican II but even more fails to admit what has happened to theology since then.

To say all this is not to invoke over against the Pope an evanescent "underground theology," but rather the work of the most eminent, most "qualified," most duly established theologians. The gap between their thinking and the Pope's is patently great; and of course the gap between the underground theology, which gathers momentum everyday, and even the licensed liberal theologian is just as great. Together, these gaps add up to a profound disunity in the Church. And where the Pope could be a reconciler, a center of unity, he turns out only to be a major source of disunity. For in our day to use dead theological language, to obsessively dwell on "dangers," to ignore the actual state of theological development, to fail even to *mention* Vatican II, is to foster disunity. Can the Pope be reconciled with the Roman Catholic Church 1968? That question poses an ecumenical task worth pursuing.

TRANSLATING DISGUST

While the battle of the convention delegates rages in America, the war in Vietnam continues its murderous course, killing more Vietcong and North Vietnamese than ever before, killing and maiming more civilians, piling high American casualties. However American voters feel about the first two groups of war victims, they are increasingly angry about the rising American death toll. The war has hit home and questions scarcely whispered

by the public at large a year ago have become shouts: "What purpose has the slaughter served?" "What are a half million American men doing in Vietnam?" Even the dullest politicians are beginning to hear these cries and, glibly or clumsily, they are beginning to make cooing noises themselves.

As Nathan B. Blumberg illustrates in an article in this issue, the news media consistently misinterpreted, when it did not dismiss, the extent of American opposition to the war in Vietnam. It would seem now, however, after the clear preferences expressed in various primaries, that dissent is too mild, almost too academic a word for Americans' attitude toward the war. Revulsion seems more accurate, or disgust, and it grips different people for different reasons. Some are enraged that we have become saddled with allies in Saigon so corrupt and so alienated from their own people that they seem doomed to remain "losers"; others are morally indignant at the wanton destruction and suffering our military overkill has wreaked on Vietnam and its people; still others are frustrated that we allowed ourselves to become trapped in an Asian land war in the first place. Whatever the reason, opposition to the war can no longer be dismissed as unpatriotic or the aberration of a few "peaceniks" who "lack all the facts."

What needs to be done now is not only to press for an end to the fighting and for American withdrawal as soon as feasible practically and in justice. Beyond that, the widespread revulsion against the war needs to be translated into political terms—first of all to force our government leaders into a serious reevaluation of our foreign policy, particularly as it is practiced in the Third World. As Senator McCarthy has pointed out again and again, a radical change in our assumptions and priorities is required if we are to avoid other Vietnams, not only in Asia but also in other areas where insurgent nationalisms are brewing new revolutions.

So far this radical political redirection is not visible in the Johnson Administration. It is playing out an old hand in Paris, and in Vietnam our political stance is familiar: prop up the Saigon government, announce yet again that land reform is about to begin. Militarily, on the other hand, a few recent incidents have shifted our behavior from the predictably disproportionate to the embarrassingly bizarre. We nearly wiped out (by mistake) a contingent of Saigon officials visiting the city's battle sites

Summer Schedule

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and (also by mistake) we damaged our own and allied shipping, thinking we were hitting North Vietnamese helicopters. There is a rumor that this kind of military backfire may be happening elsewhere as well, specifically in our counter-insurgency center in Panama where, it is reported, some young men are taking the training intending to become guerrillas, not defenders of the status quo.

These are only straws in the wind, but they, along with the rising peace sentiment in this country, suggest that our old reflexive anti-Communist, business-defending, anti-revolutionary foreign policy is no longer adequate in any sense. It's rather like shooting make-believe helicopters or unintentionally training guerrillas. Besides making us look foolish, it is, as they say, counterproductive.

SUMMER IN THE COUNTRY

The Fourth of July has come and gone, with its usual complement of marching bands, patriotic speeches, about which Alexis de Tocqueville got so excited, and the grim addition of death on the road. The summer heat has suddenly turned the soggy days of June into little more than a chilly memory and a bumper crop for maple trees; everything settles into torpor.

Events, too, seem to have taken on the aspect of quiet siege, awaiting decisions for cooler days. Great decisions seem to be behind, even as lingering problems fester. The Cardinals and the Tigers have left their respective leagues standing in the dust, and so it is with Nixon and Humphrey. The Mets scramble to reach .500 ball—this for them is nirvana. So it is with the McCarthy forces, who remain undaunted in the pursuit of the nomination which not even Allard Lowenstein can think is now possible.

But it is vacation time, All-Star-Game time, and America seems bent on calling it quits on the frenzy and didacticism that the year has boiled. Even in the black communities there is less of the perceptible tension that percolated into riots; perhaps we have all been through the necessary catharses, and now are in a period of retrenchment or at least relaxation. In the all-consuming corral of foreign policy there is a perceptible tapering off: the Pueblo incident signaled that, though no one knew it at the time. Or perhaps it was the Cuban Missile Crisis that buried brinkmanship for the decade. In any case Pueblo seems very far off. It doesn't appear as though the escalation momentum will ever get started again either, now that the talks have started—talks which both sides seem to want to continue, despite the fact that they are going “nowhere.” Evidence? When there is a fear that the futility of it all will sever the Paris conference, a State Department or, even stranger, a Defense Department spokesman will detect “movement” so that everyone is encouraged again.

The list goes on: Khesanh, the battlement over which rumors began that nuclear or germ warfare was imminent,

has been abandoned, just like all the strategic hills in Vietnam which American forces were compelled to take at staggering human cost. Berlin, too, over which so much trouble has been made, has faded into some legalistic maneuvering. Dean Rusk who apparently disappeared, much to the relief of all, flew to Berlin to give the standard assurances. But the really important news seems to be the demands in the Senate for a 60 percent reduction in our European troop contingents, and Soviet overtures to the United States to negotiate a freeze in missile deployment. For years it has been apparent to all but the policy makers, *Air Force and Space Digest* and General Power that the law of diminishing returns applies to missile and defense technology as well as to economic law of labor supply. That we have gone ahead with our \$5 billion “thin” anti-missile missile is due more to inertia and defense lobbying than it is to any rational belief that it can work to stop incoming nuclear warheads. Now that it looks as though the country won't stand for it, and no one can afford it, further missile development, plus that monster of all technological gimcracks, the supersonic transport, may be in for cutbacks.

Max Frankel, writing in the *New York Times*, reports that the major issue in the Illinois state convention is no longer anti-Communism, the great menace having been sideswiped by more urgent domestic concerns. Moreover Richard Nixon has forgotten the Red Plan for Conquest in favor of Moral Decay at Home. Hope springs eternal.



Poor People Goodbye: The Press Did You In

One of the most tragic aspects of the Poor People's Campaign is that it has consistently been distorted, misinterpreted and maligned by the news media. Consequently, most Americans, particularly the white ones, have little or no concept of what the campaign is about or the problems that it has encountered.

Even before Dr. King's death, the majority of the nation's newspapers, television stations and radios were conscientiously criticizing the campaign. They charged that the campaign was a bad idea because: it would probably get out of hand, the nation didn't have the funds to deal with poverty at that time, and, they ominously predicted, Stokeley Carmichael and the other “black power militants” would take over the campaign as soon as it got to Washington. This refrain was altered but not suspended after Dr. King's assassination. After the assassination the media attacked the campaign by deriding Reverend Abernathy's leadership abilities, making uncomplimentary comparisons between him and Dr. King; they concluded that Reverend Abernathy was not equal to the task before him and should therefore cancel the

campaign. When Reverend Abernathy vowed to continue where Dr. King left off, the news media began to dwell on the specter of violence. Almost all reports pertaining to the campaign were dominated by one question: how long will it take before they abandon non-violence?

This was done very subtly. Each time Reverend Abernathy or one of his assistants held a press conference, he was relentlessly questioned about violence and whether adequate steps were being taken to avert it. After the various caravans of poor people reached Washington, Reverend Abernathy began to hold daily press conferences, and although the caravans had passed through hundreds of cities in the North and South with little or no trouble, the news media continued to dwell on the possibility of violence. It almost seemed as if they were bent on creating a self-fulfilling prophecy.

Later, as crowds of men, women and children poured into Washington, without incident, news stories dwelled on Resurrection City's mud and the nervous preparations of the D.C. police department. The demands of the campaign were almost totally ignored except to dismiss them as "pie in the sky" dreams that were obviously too broad, too wishful, and too damn cheeky. They rarely if ever mentioned that when Reverend Abernathy made his first trip to Washington, ten days before the first caravan arrived, he had passed out copies of a 53-page document that specified the demands of the poor. The news media chose instead to emphasize that Reverend Abernathy kept a number of important government officials waiting because he was late for his appointments.

By the time that the "Solidarity Day" march was held in June, Reverend Abernathy had reduced the demands of the campaign to three things that could be typed out on an index card: free food stamps to supplement the income of poor families; a guaranteed income for those who cannot or should not work; a decent job at decent wages and a decent house at reasonable cost for all. Although Reverend Abernathy wouldn't publicly admit it, it was obvious that the initial list of grievances had been cut down because of the attacks levied on it by the news media and Congress.

The march itself was a curious affair which has had little or no effect on the campaign for two reasons: it was too small for the campaign's supporters to claim that the people of America have unequivocally illustrated that they want an end to poverty; and it was too large for the campaign's detractors to claim that Reverend Abernathy and his ragged followers have no real support. Many of those who joined the march did not seem to know why they were there or what their presence was supposed to accomplish. The atmosphere, which seemed to be more social than political, was depressingly similar to that of a Sunday-school picnic. The speeches, with the exception of Reverend Abernathy's and James Bevel's, were drab and uninspiring. Most of the speak-

ers, including Roy Wilkins and Whitney Young, seemed to be just mouthing words.

Before the march was over, however, the news media had begun to play the numbers game. The theory is that if they consider a cause legitimate, the estimate of the number of persons who joined it will be liberal. If the cause or event is unpopular, their estimation of the number of people who joined will be conservative.

The campaign's leaders, including Stirling Tucker, who organized the march, estimated that the march attracted between one hundred and one hundred and fifty thousand participants. The media men accepted the estimate of the police, who said that there were only fifty to fifty-five thousand persons present. None of the media mentioned the fact that the march probably would have been substantially larger if it hadn't been for their exaggerated predictions of disorder, and "possible violence."

The people who journeyed to Washington to join the Poor People's Campaign are honorable and their needs are real. They are not middle-class whites and their tactics and manners are different from those of the average suburbanite. Anyone who has a sense of justice, however, should realize that they deserve a great deal more than they have got from the press and the government. They were ignominiously evicted from Resurrection City, some were gassed and arrested, their leader was jailed, and now their whole campaign is hovering on the verge of complete collapse. The news media has done its job well, Congress has managed again to ignore the cries of the needy, and business as usual prevails in the nation.

We should not be surprised, therefore, if we get the fire next time. We deserve it.

ROBERT TERRELL

(Robert Terrell is a reporter for the N.Y. Post.)



The Secret Service as Mother Hen

The two middle-aged men stood by the door of the press room at the Commodore Hotel in New York City. They were waiting for the signal that the press could enter the large dining room next door where Senator McCarthy was to speak at the annual dinner of the Fellowship of Reconciliation. They were benignly bored; and to pass the time they gossiped with the Secret Service agent guarding the door.

"We've always had a fringe element of nuts," said the short, heavy reporter from the *Catholic News*.

"Ya, what about what's his name? Garson? No, Garfield," replied the taller man who was from King Features Syndicate.

"I don't think the public really realizes the amount of serious attempts that have been made on Presidents' lives," offered Secret Service.

"Hey, you remember the guy who shot at President Roosevelt and killed the Mayor of Chicago? Now *he* was a nut," said King Features.

"Ya, you'd have to be a nut to do that," agreed *Catholic News*.

Ever since McCarthy was rushed off his plane, hidden by a double cordon of Secret Service agents, the former casualness of his campaign, the sloppiness even, which boasted the possibility of a politics of participation within The System, has been crushed. The fact that everyone could participate simply because there was little central direction has no bearing on the effect this kind of campaign has had on positively reconstructing politics for everyone. Suddenly, politics were not only clean; they were, in fact, possible—possible for thousands of voteless students shouting in different directions until they were heard, possible for disillusioned liberal ladies running cabarets and boutiques!

One recalls the beginning at the Coalition for a Democratic Alternative Convention in January at the New York Statler Hilton. Everyone walking in the door was given a nametag with "delegate" stamped on it. The way the Johnson war was congealed then, who among us expected we would be delegates to anything but our own frustration? And just a few weeks ago, I. F. Stone, performing at Eugene's, spoke of McCarthy as the best of many bad alternatives, and roundly thrashed the candidate's voting record. To me, there is a fundamental charm in the idea of a candidate's henchman stringing him up in the very forum created for his support. Perhaps it is the charm underlying the theory of a *functioning* democracy.

But, that phase of a surprising, creative openness in a major political campaign has been shattered. This is hardly as great a tragedy as Kennedy's murder, which mandated such a change. Yet it is, at the least, a despicable irony that the very forces McCarthy stands against—the crush of the government arm, the secrecy of movement that breeds suspicion of power, the foreclosure of communication—have now been summoned in full

regalia to protect him. It is deeply felt, not only by serious McCarthy supporters, but by fringe elements who regard this campaign as a laughable, but rather pleasing lark.

In the press room, foreign correspondents clucked: "What is this violence? Look, even now this man must be surrounded by protection." The hotel was steaming with New York City Police, hotel security men, a bomb squad, and, as one staff member put it, "something from the Treasury Department." The daily press, with its usual flair for estimating the requirements of blood, had sent two reporters—one political and one crime man. "I feel lousy," said a New York *Post* staffer. "I'm just here in case he gets shot."

The staff members look more or less lost, set adrift by a feeling of their own estrangement from "the Senator" and acute frustration that he is estranged from the very public they want to present him to. Tommy Saltonstall, a press aide, adjusted a three-leaf clover on his lapel. "The Secret Service gives us one with a different color every day," he said disgustedly. "It signifies I'm one of the trustworthy few who's allowed to get near the Senator."

"It's really depressed McCarthy," commented staff member John Reynolds. "It's made him even more low-keyed. Before, if we felt like going off and doing something, we could just do it."

While McCarthy was speaking from the head table, talking about "a mood of hope and love for life," four Secret Service Agents—in addition to the ones lining the entrances and walls—stood scattered among the seated audience, shifting feet and steadily, skeptically scanning the room. With their arms folded or clasped behind their backs, looking as if they didn't believe in anyone's innocence, their eyes never ceased to search for the hand that could be holding a gun.

So it is that the McCarthy "effort" has at last been broken into conduct befitting a political campaign in the United States.

CHRISTOPHER NORWOOD

(Christopher Norwood is former Managing Editor of the New York Free Press)



ERODING THE FOURTH AMENDMENT

STOP AND FRISK

Urban police regularly indulge in two different forms of "stop and frisk"—mass "rousting" of ghetto residents to harass and (presumably) deter potential criminals from functioning and, less frequently, to temporarily detain people acting "suspiciously." The first technique has been condemned by both the President's Crime and Riot Commissions and the second offends civil libertarians, in part because it may well lead to the first. Unfortunately, the recent Supreme Court decisions concerning the

validity of the technique involve the second rather than the first situation; they are "hard" cases, and, as the old saw goes, are bound to make "bad law." In retrospect, the *Peters*, *Sibron*, and *Terry* cases were loaded with too much pro-police dynamite; luckily, the decisions are not as destructive as many have presumed.

The Court refused to decide whether New York's "stop and frisk" law was Constitutional, thus leaving its vague terms ("extraordinary elastic categories," Justice

Warren called them) and broad gaps to the future. Much of the language in *Sibron* and *Peters* (the New York cases) can be read as a warning to the New York courts to fill in the blanks with the narrowest possible language. The Supreme Court also severely condemned the State courts' rather cavalier dismissal of the Constitutional implications of police stops. In *Terry* (an Ohio case), Justice Warren called the court-created distinction between a "search" (which is required to be "reasonable" under the Fourth Amendment) and a "frisk" (unmentioned in the noble document and thus allegedly of no Constitutional importance) "nothing less than sheer torture of the English language." Warren also called Ohio's characterization of a "frisk" (a "petty indignity") "simply fantastic."

The decisions made it clear that the Fourth Amendment's "reasonableness" requirement applied to on-the-street encounters with policemen; this parallels *Escobedo*, which in 1964 made the Sixth Amendment's right-to-counsel provision applicable to the station house, and *Miranda*, which in 1966, applied the Fifth Amendment's right to silence to any "custodial questioning." In addition, the Court left little doubt that the first form of stop (for harassment purposes) was clearly unconstitutional and that the second type could only be justified by "specific and articulable facts, which taken together with rational inferences from those facts" would lead a "man of reasonable caution" to suspect that a crime was being, had been, or was about to be committed.

Specifically, the Court ruled out cops' "hunches" and (in those rare cases) good faith as the bases for stops. Also, frisks could only be undertaken when there is a "reasonable suspicion" of physical danger and the scope of the frisk (a patting down of outer garments) is limited to the scope of the perceived danger. Thus, the *Sibron* frisk was unconstitutional because (a) *Sibron's* activities—talking to known narcotics users for eight hours—did not justify a suspicion that he possessed heroin, and (b) in any event, a direct placing of the officer's hand into *Sibron's* pocket was not supported by any suspicion that he had a dangerous weapon.

Clearly, the decisions are unsatisfactory. The Fourth Amendment has been eroded, and the standards limiting such erosion are vague. Whose "reasonable suspicions" do we honor—those of the tensed-up policeman or of a

more relaxed citizen? The cop in *Terry*, the Court noted, had 39 years of experience, 35 of them as a detective. How important was this? (Justice Harlan's concurring opinion in *Peters* emphasized the cop's intuition as a significant factor.) Couldn't the *Terry* cop have followed the alleged criminals to observe something more than a mere "casing" of a store and then an inconclusive conversation three blocks away from the premises? Wouldn't that have been more reasonable than the officer's decision to swoop and search at an obviously ambiguous moment? What if a particular stop and subsequent questioning are unproductive of anything? Must you answer a policeman's questions? If you don't, or if the answers are vague, does he then have "probable cause" to arrest (the traditional Constitutional standard)? Even Justice Douglas, the sole dissenter (in *Terry*) would allow a right to question if an officer has "probable cause" to believe that a crime *was about to be committed*. Don't "reasonable suspicion" and "probable cause" merge when the judges talk about future crimes? Douglas' concurrence in *Peters* indicates that this may well be true.

These decisions could be read as pristine examples of the Court's tendency to follow (or perhaps forecast) the election returns. Perhaps they were even meant to encourage Johnson to veto the Crime Council Bill, by demonstrating that the Supreme Court isn't about to defy public (or at least Congressional) opinion. The cases could also be read as an admission of the inability of the judicial process to effectively curb on-the-street police depredations. As the Court said, "The exclusionary rule [preventing evidence obtained by illegal searches from being introduced into court] has its limitations" and is often "ineffective as a deterrent." After all, as the Court and numerous scholars have noted, police use "intensive field interrogation" to suppress rather than discover evidence of crime. Perhaps *Terry* should be read as a feeble attempt to set some limits to the onerous procedure of police harassment.

Yet there are indications that these cases are the opening guns in a war against police misconduct. The Court severely condemned State tribunals; it also recognized (a) that present judicial controls against on-the-street misconduct *are* ineffective, (b) that some new form of control is necessary, and (c) that the issues are novel and, as yet, not fully analyzed. Perhaps the last word has not been spoken. A close reading of the decisions shows that at least some of the pessimism initially expressed is unwarranted; a closer reading (abetted by a bit of admittedly free interpretation) leads tentatively to the conclusion that the police should not regard *Terry v. Ohio* as a license to invade privacy. Unfortunately, they are likely to disregard the hints and violate the spirit of the ruling—at least until the next Supreme Court go-around.

ISIDORE SILVER

(Isidore Silver is an associate professor of law at the University of Massachusetts.)

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THE DEFAULTING PRESS AND VIETNAM



The mass media have minimized the nature and extent of dissent

NATHAN B. BLUMBERG

It is not enough to suggest that one of the most significantly misreported news stories of the past three years has been the growth and depth of disaffection toward the American commitment in Vietnam. The imperative next question must be: Why did it happen this way? One probable answer is that it always has happened this way.

A curiously consistent thread runs through the pattern of press performance from the time of John Peter Zenger to today. The historians and the critics have examined and diagnosed the press as if it were a monolithic structure, when the historical fact is that we always have had a press that was essentially satisfied with the government and generally satisfactory to the government (which could be called an "orthodox" press) and at the same time another press that sought to change the status quo (which in the current sense could be termed an "underground" press). Today it is the little publications of the "underground press" that ask the questions that should be asked and thrive on the issues the "orthodox" press is prone to ignore.

There is another—and revealing—side to the coin. On one of those rare occasions when the power of government fell into hands that sought to alter significantly the economic, social and political bases of American society, the "orthodox" newspapers and magazines stood in resolute opposition. When it became clear that Franklin D. Roosevelt intended to make what were then regarded as fundamental changes in the structure of society, the vast majority of daily newspapers and mass circulation magazines turned on him with unremitting hostility.

Thus it should come as no surprise that the mass media of information have been incredibly slow and still are—in reporting the revolutionary temper that racks the Negro ghettos. The indictment becomes damning when one adds the failure to recognize and report what was happening among Negroes in the 'fifties and early 'sixties, so that riots came as a surprise and most white people even today are at best only dimly aware of the causes of the open revolt brewing in our cities.

In much the same way the mass media, wittingly or not, have minimized the nature and extent of dissent from the war policies of the government. It would be nonsense to suggest a publishers' plot or an electronic conspiracy to deceive the American people. It is reasonable to suggest; however, that the press, as an important part of the established system, has been reluctant to report on the growth of dissent, especially when the expressions of dissent have moved beyond traditional political advocacy. Although the press constitutionally was set outside the framework of government to serve as a check on the errors and excesses of government, it nevertheless in its reporting of militant dissent has served to support policies of the governmental-industrial-military complex.

An outstanding example of misreporting and nonreporting the extent of dissent has been the press coverage of three referendums dealing with United States involvement in Vietnam. Look first at the election of Nov. 7, 1967, in San Francisco, where voters were asked to vote "yes" or "no" to the sixteenth proposition on the ballot:

PROPOSITION P—It is the policy of the people of the City and County of San Francisco that there be an immediate cease-fire and withdrawal of U. S. troops from Vietnam so that the Vietnamese people can settle their own problems.

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12 July 1968: 457

This incredible proposition, calling in effect for unconditional surrender by the United States, was approved by 36.6 per cent of the voters—76,632 in favor, 132,406 opposed. Yet this was not the way it was reported across the country by the wire services or the news magazines. Almost all newspaper accounts dealt with the result as evidence that most voters—two out of three, in fact—approve of American policies in Vietnam. “It was no secret,” said *Newsweek*, “that President Johnson was generally pleased with the results—[of the elections] particularly with the balloting on San Francisco’s Proposition P. . . .” “Backing for war,” *U. S. News & World Report* termed it. “On the Vietnamese issue, 2 out of 3 San Francisco voters cast their ballots against a pullout, although San Francisco has been a center of antiwar agitation.” *Time* magazine typically explained the issues involved by reporting that “the controversial proposition was supported by jalopy cavalcades featuring psychedelic paint jobs and antiwar posters, in newspaper and radio ads and at numerous Proposition P parties.”

What hardly anyone outside San Francisco knows, because hardly anyone outside San Francisco has been told by the mass media, is that Proposition P was presented to the voters by a group of hard-rock, self-described revolutionaries who freely admitted that the primary function of the referendum was to encourage political polarization in the United States.

The wording of Proposition P—particularly the clause demanding unconditional withdrawal—caused an extended and acrimonious debate between moderates and radicals who shared little more than a common abhorrence of the presence of American soldiers in Vietnam. In the view of the professed Marxists and other hardliners in San Francisco, the adjective “immediate” was intended to modify “withdrawal” as well as “cease-fire.” No concession was made to moderates who were not happy with the conduct of the war but who were not willing simply to give up in Vietnam.

Quite obviously, many persons were driven by the unyielding language of Proposition P to vote against it or to abstain. The last 10 words of the proposition also drew opposition from voters who could not accept a proposal to abandon hundreds of thousands of persons in South Vietnam to the mercies of the Viet Cong. Even a pacifist organization urged a boycott of the election on those grounds, thereby further diminishing the number of antiwar votes. It is not surprising, therefore, that 46,558 of the 255,596 persons who cast ballots in the election—18 per cent—abstained from voting on Proposition P.

Admittedly, a few observers properly interpreted what had happened. Kenneth Crawford, who certainly is no dove, admitted in *Newsweek* that the San Francisco balloting demonstrated that “people want to get out of Vietnam but not by default.” *Time*, after lacerating proponents of the proposition, ultimately concluded: “Still, the fact that more than a third of the voters supported a more

or less instant-withdrawal position suggests that a more carefully phrased or more moderate de-escalating proposition might have carried.” But these and other similar comments were lost in the maelstrom created by a press that chose to gloss over the unpleasant truth.

The result of the San Francisco vote was not a political aberration. The first test of American attitudes toward the war in Vietnam was conducted a year earlier in Dearborn, Michigan, for 26 years the conservative fiefdom of Mayor Orville Hubbard. Dearborn is no haven of demonstrators, bearded hippies or New Leftists; Mayor Hubbard has proclaimed openly and repeatedly his “one million percent” approval of segregation and a rugged brand of 100 percent Americanism. He has made his city a white island in the Detroit megalopolis. Yet the residents of Dearborn on Nov. 8, 1966, voted only 20,667 to 14,124 against the following question: “Are you in favor of an immediate cease-fire and withdrawal of United States troops from Vietnam so Vietnamese people can settle their own problems?” Of those who voted, therefore, 40.6 per cent favored an immediate, unequivocal, unilateral end to the war. Granting the quixotic conditions surrounding the referendum, the results appeared unbelievable. Yet the significance plainly was lost on the wire services. United Press International, for example, buried the result in an election roundup story with this single farcical paragraph: “In an isolated vote on the Vietnam war, the citizens of Dearborn, Mich., said overwhelmingly they were against a pullout of troops.”

Then on Nov. 28, 1967, the result of a referendum held Nov. 7 in Cambridge, Massachusetts, was announced. The wording, while different, was as unrelenting in its refusal to recognize moderate viewpoints: “Whereas: thousands of Americans and Vietnamese are dying in the Vietnam war; Whereas: this war is not in the interests of either the American or Vietnamese people; Now therefore be it resolved: that the people of the City of Cambridge urge the prompt return home of American soldiers from Vietnam.” The vote was 17,742 opposed, 11,349 in favor. The percentage of those voting for the proposition (39 per cent) was extraordinarily similar to the percentages in Dearborn and San Francisco. *Time* magazine concluded of the Cambridge referendum: “U.S. voters affirmed once again last week that they do not consider a precipitate pull-out from Viet Nam the best way to settle the war.” Thus by *Time’s* own evaluation, two out of five voters were so dismayed by the war in Vietnam that they cast affirmative votes for a rash, ill-considered proposition.

The perplexing lack of understanding and therefore the peculiar interpretation given to the Cambridge referendum included headlines: “Voters in Cambridge Support Viet Policy,” said the *Los Angeles Times*; “Voters Back Viet Policy,” reported the *Washington Post*. The headlines, news coverage and editorial comment, with notable exceptions, were ill-informed, inadequate or in-

visible. The *New York Times* recognized the significance of the vote by running a 12-inch story on page one with a two-column headline. The *Wall Street Journal* included the result as one of the 13 most important general news stories of the day in its front-page "World-Wide" round-up. The *Atlanta Constitution*, *Washington Post* and *Louisville Courier-Journal* played the story on page 2. However, a spot check of other metropolitan newspapers revealed that the *Buffalo Evening News* had a three-inch story on page 39, the *Los Angeles Times* gave it four inches on page 19, the *Denver Post* had a 5½-inch story on page 14, the *Minneapolis Star* devoted six inches to it on page 16, and the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* had a 10½-inch story on page 8 of its fourth section. No report at all was to be found in the examined editions of six other metropolitan daily newspapers.

Thus in three elections over a space of a year, in three cities widely divergent geographically, economically and politically, a remarkable similarity of attitudes of dissent (40.6 per cent, 39 per cent, 36.6 per cent) was reflected. When one adds to this figure the large number of voters who could not bring themselves to vote for a policy of unconditional surrender for the United States, but who nonetheless desire de-escalation or an end to the war by a negotiated settlement, the conclusion appears inescapable: A majority of Americans opposes the present policies in Vietnam. It is, however, a generally unreported conclusion.

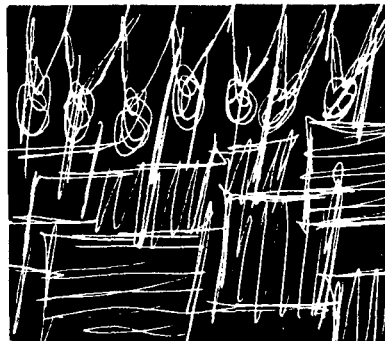
A second conclusion, based on the evidence, is that the results of a referendum, especially one with the manifest ramifications of the three cited here, cannot be reported as if it were an election between two men. A 60-40 vote may well be a "landslide" when it involves two candidates; it is a sign of serious disaffection in the populace when it is a vote on an issue controlled by the most intentionally divisive and revolutionary groups in our society. That is a conclusion reached by only a few members of the "orthodox" press.

So much has been written about the gathering at the Lincoln Memorial and the subsequent "confrontation" between armed troops and peace marchers at the Pentagon last October that one turns to this matter reluctantly. Nonetheless, the reporting of the events of that day stands as a revealing example of the thesis being presented here.

While the "orthodox" press passively accepted the official line of the government, or at best only mildly wondered about it, the "underground" press cited the evidence that should have been available to all citizens. In this case, based on my eye-witness evidence as an observer of the march on the Pentagon, the latter group comes much closer to what happened than does the "orthodox" press. In fact, from the moment that the television networks agreed that the event should not be covered "live," the mass media of information consistently reported essentially—although not exclusively—what the Pentagon and administration officials wanted reported.

Although fewer than 700 persons were arrested—less than one per cent of the demonstrators—and the vast majority behaved in an orderly, even good-humored manner, a vein of hostility to the demonstration and the demonstrators runs through most published accounts in the general-circulation press, with emphasis on violence, peculiar dress, dirtiness, marijuana and obscenity. A *Los Angeles Times* staff writer, for example, wrote the following in the lead front-page news story: "By cautious estimate, perhaps one-third of the crowd was of respectable appearance and mien, adequately barbered and coifed, sensibly dressed, seemingly more troubled than incensed or fanatically opposed to the war. The balance of the crowd was composed of the wildest mixed bag imaginable: Communists, hippies and flower-power advocates, unkempt, scraggly youths and girls. While many of that balance were patently anti-war, some seemed to view the demonstration as anything from a lark to an opportunity for romance or an occasion for flaunting an obscene poster."

The *Washington Post* sneered at the "shaggy doves and the sweet smell of pot," and the *National Observer* observed in its account that "the core was made up of hippies and pseudo-hippies, students and pseudo-students—a great many colorful sheep. The sheep were ready to be led. . . . Despite the gymnasium smell and the dirty



hair. . . ." *Time's* accounts were filled with misleading generalities ("Within the tide of dissenters swarmed all the elements of American dissent in 1967: hard-eyed revolutionaries and skylarking hippies; ersatz motorcycle gangs and all-too-real college professors; housewives, ministers and authors; Black Nationalists in African garb—but no real African nationalists; nonviolent pacifists and nonpacific advocates of violence. . . ."), officially sponsored innuendos ("Dean Rusk, whose State Department intelligence apparatus had long since assessed the degree and role of Communist influence within the anti-war movement, said earlier this month that 'we haven't made public the extent of our knowledge' for fear of setting off 'a new McCarthyism.'"), and insipid insinuations (" 'You should see what we found out there,' said one worker. 'Nothing but bras and panties. You never saw so many.' "). *Newsweek* stressed Norman Mailer's "artist's freak-out," a "gaggle of hippies," the "rhetorical vitriol" at the rally and a concluding reference to an uni-

identified woman who “muttered as twilight descended” that she was leaving with her small son because “I guess he’s seen enough democracy in action for one day.”

In reporting the number of participants in the demonstration, the mass media became a partner of the government in a calculated attempt to minimize the total. The basis for the statistical hoax was that any crowd estimate must clearly delineate the time and the place. There were three major events during the day. The largest crowd gathered Saturday morning at the Lincoln Memorial, where approximately 100,000—including those who had other plans for later in the day, curious bystanders, button salesmen, police, press, CIA and others—would be a fair estimate. About 60,000 of these made the march across Arlington Memorial Bridge to the Pentagon (the *New York Times* reported that an employee assigned to make a head count estimated the marchers who crossed Memorial Bridge at “more than 54,000”). Thousands of these persons, having made their point, were on their way back even before the end of the parade reached the Pentagon’s north parking lot. At dusk, when the “confrontation” took place, more than 35,000 were on the Pentagon steps, the Mall and the grassy reaches extending to the parking lots (a figure the same as that finally issued by the Defense Department, which said it had made aerial photographs of the crowd at the Pentagon and had arrived at an estimate of 35,000 persons through military photo-inspection techniques). About 8,000 more on the parking lot did not pass beyond a point which was announced as the line to be crossed only by those who wished to push past non-violence toward civil disobedience or violent confrontation with the military. Many reports failed to distinguish between these three estimates and thereby played the Pentagon’s numbers game. The failures in reporting made it appear that the figure of 35,000 applied to the total number who demonstrated or, in other cases, emphasized the total of those who actually marched—about 60 per cent of those who were at the Lincoln Memorial. Even worse was the bland acceptance of “official” estimates, some of them patently ludicrous, of the police and military.

Thus, *Time* made much of “35,000 ranting, chanting protesters” at the Pentagon without referring to the other two-thirds of the demonstrators at the rally. The *Christian Science Monitor* told of “more than 50,000 marchers” and the *Washington Star* referred to a “march by some 55,000 anti-war demonstrators.” The *Washington Post*, however, led off its story with “More than 50,000 persons demonstrated here against the war in Vietnam yesterday. . . .” The *New York Times* not only accepted “a police and military consensus” that put the size of the crowd at the Lincoln Memorial at 50,000 to 55,000, but reported a “rally and march by some 50,000 persons” as if the same number had participated in both events. *U. S. News & World Report* also bought the figure of “about 55,000 persons at the Lincoln Memorial.” *Newsweek* set-

tled for a “40,000-man army of widely assorted U.S. resistance groups descending on the Capital.” (It let a cat out of the bag the following week when it quoted an unidentified “important Democratic senator” as saying: “If they got 60,000 at the Pentagon last weekend, just imagine what kind of a protest they can stage at the [Chicago] Amphitheater next August.”) United Press International said “police officially estimated that between 50,000 and 55,000 persons were on hand for the rally,” and accepted the word of a Pentagon spokesman who said apparently with a straight face that “between 20,000 and 25,000 protesters were at the Pentagon at the peak period of about 4 p.m. EDT.” The Associated Press took the same estimate of the number of persons at the Pentagon at the height of the demonstration (which the military subsequently increased by 10,000) and added: “U.S. Park Police had put the number at the Lincoln Memorial rally around 37,000—but march organizers claimed 200,000 were there.” The Communist press in Hanoi also claimed that 200,000 persons converged on Washington.

Clearly, wishful thinking was practiced by interested parties and governments on both sides. The spectacle of propagandists and governments lying is not unusual; when the press becomes a tool of the propagandist and government, however, the citizen obviously must beware.

Almost as bizarre as the statistical game-playing was the photographic coverage. The mass media featured photographs of those in extremely casual or imaginative dress, and ignored the more ordinary citizens. (“Hey, take pictures of us,” groups of adequately barbed and coifed, sensibly dressed marchers pleaded with photographer after photographer. “I would,” a *New York Times* man responded quietly, “but they wouldn’t run it.”) More interesting is the absence of a photograph showing the entire crowd at the Lincoln Memorial (such as those published of the 1963 civil rights rally at the same place) or one of the parade including the beginning and some identifiable point toward the end so that an educated estimate could be made (photographers in helicopters passed over the marchers again and again), or one from the top of the Pentagon (which the Defense Department could have released to end that particular discussion). The aerial photo taken at the Pentagon, which served as the basis for military estimates, to my knowledge never has been published.

The “orthodox” press, with some notable exceptions, was exceedingly gentle, kind and understanding of what was probably the most blatant lie of the government—the contention of the Defense Department that soldiers at the Pentagon fired no tear gas at the demonstrators. Despite the fact that several newsmen reported that they saw tear gas canisters launched by uniformed soldiers (and I personally saw one grenade fired and experienced the effects), Pentagon spokesmen not only persisted in maintaining that the troops were innocent but that the deed was done by demonstrators.

United Press International declared flatly that "tear gas was spewed at demonstrators at one point," and—to its great credit—nailed the fact: "UPI reporter Jed Stout reported that tear gas was used against one group trying to force its way through the lines. A Defense Department spokesman insisted none of the government forces had unloosed tear gas in defense of the Pentagon. He said further it was believed that the demonstrators possessed tear gas and may have used it." The Associated Press, however, saw it all with one eye, and it was jaundiced: "Viet Cong flags were displayed and at least one round of tear gas was fired during a wild melee in a driveway leading to one of the Pentagon's main entrances. But Pentagon spokesmen said "the other side—not the soldiers—had used the gas."

The *New York Times* gave a classic demonstration of the "orthodox" press at its best—or worst, depending on one's viewpoint.

There were angry charges by demonstration leaders that Defense Department officials had "lied" in denying that troops had used tear gas against the demonstrators at the Pentagon.

Last night the Department said that if tear gas had been used, it had been used by the demonstrators against the troops.

There was no question that tear gas had been used. Fumes lingered on the damp air last night for hours. Troops, demonstrators and newsmen far from the immediate scene sneezed and suffered runny noses and itching eyes until after 10 p.m.

And scores of participants and some newsmen said today that they had observed soldiers using tear gas against the demonstrators. . . .

In this fashion is the matter of truth and falsehood allowed to remain moot.

Mention also should be made of the case of the alleged defectors at the Pentagon. The "underground" press repeatedly has insisted that some soldiers—the number cited ranges from one to four—refused to follow orders and were placed under arrest. The important point is not that one or two or three or four soldiers could not bring themselves to carry out their duties at the Pentagon—there is little significance in that. It is not even a critical example of the government not telling the truth, even when the truth wouldn't really hurt. What is important, and alarming, is that the question is not even raised in the "orthodox" press.

Still another curious sidelight on this entire issue was the strange case of Pfc. Guinn. Millions of television viewers one night heard Walter Cronkite utter the following words:

Mrs. Blanche Guinn of Elizabethton, Tennessee, served Thanksgiving dinner today, one day late,

and the honored guest was her son, Private First Class John Guinn. Earlier this week, Mrs. Guinn attended funeral services for the son, only to learn later that the Army had made a mistake, and that her son was being flown home from Vietnam to see her. Ed Rabel was at the airport when he arrived.

Mrs. Guinn fainted as she held her son in her arms. Then the "CBS Evening News" of Nov. 24, 1967, continued:

RABEL: Shortly thereafter she recovered and was all right. Private Guinn, meanwhile, held an impromptu news conference at which he expressed surprising bitterness with the entire Vietnam war.

RABEL: Would you go back to Vietnam if you had to?

GUINN: Well, if I was—when my three years is up, I'm coming out of service. I ain't going to re-enlist, and I hope they bring all of the United States boys out.

RABEL: Why do you feel that way, sir?

GUINNS: 'Cause it's not no war over there—it's just a tragedy.

RABEL: You don't think we ought to be there?

GUINN: No, sir.

RABEL: Guinn, who must serve 18 more months in the Army before his discharge, said his opposition to the war was shared by most of the men with whom he served.

Peter Jennings, in his ABC national newscast the same evening, showed a similar sequence and added Pfc. Guinn's actual reply when asked if many of his fellow soldiers "feel the same way you do": "I guess all of them does."

The Huntley-Brinkley Report on NBC did not carry the observations of Pfc. Guinn in its on-the-scene report of the homecoming. Chet Huntley, when asked by this writer about the omission, said the comments were news to him and that apparently the film crew simply did not record this segment.

It is probably news to everyone else who didn't see one of the two national television newscasts or a sentence in *Time* magazine's report of the return of Pfc. Guinn: "Johnny later said bitterly: 'I don't feel we have any business being over there, and most of the fellows in my outfit feel the same way.'"

The Associated Press limited its reporting of Pfc. Guinn's unhappiness to a terse "No, sir," as a reply to a question about whether he wanted to return to Vietnam. The United Press International told its clients and their readers that Pfc. Guinn was home, then followed with a story emphasizing the soldier's view that his outfit was poorly prepared for combat in Vietnam. This story appeared in one newspaper—the *Los Angeles Times*, page

4 of Section B—of the 40 daily newspapers examined by this writer.

The case of Pfc. Guinn is especially illuminating because if it had not been for two television newscasts, the incident of the mistaken burial would have passed as nothing more than a curious eddy in the tides of war. As it turned out, it served as an unexpected leak in the military's smooth channeling of information. Pfc. Guinn uniquely has little to fear from the military; after the monstrous mixup, he will receive kid-glove treatment no matter what he may believe or say. No effort has been spared by the massive military-political machine to chant the litany that whatever dissenters may be saying and doing in the United States, the men in Vietnam have no doubts about why they are fighting the war.

The "orthodox" press, it seems clear, has badly deluded itself by accepting the view of some political and military leaders, some bureaucrats and even some journalists that it has been basically unfriendly in its reporting of administration policies in Vietnam. The proponents of those policies complain of reporting that exposes conditions in South Vietnam or "gives comfort to the enemy," photographs that demonstrate graphically the horrors of war, television news shows such as the one showing Marines burning Vietnamese huts, and the like.

Of course there have been specific incidents which reflect well on the press and which the President or the generals did not like, but the White House and the Pentagon have had their way almost all of the time. They complain because the ideal press in the eyes of government officials and military men is a press that tells exactly and only what they want told. They don't quite have this, but the unfortunate fact is that they have something uncomfortably close to it.

Perhaps it is too much to expect, as the hostile critics of the press have contended through the years, that a press with an undeniable stake in the economic and political system would report fairly on those who are fundamentally dissatisfied with the status quo. But the history of journalism is not without instances in which "orthodox" publications went "underground," and some examples cited herein demonstrate that sometimes some organs of information report facts that tend to disrupt the hegemony of the industrial-military-governmental complex. It is not too much to ask the men who publish and edit and write and broadcast for the mass media to examine their degree of complicity in the failure to tell it like it is. If after honest appraisal they come to a conclusion different from the one reached here, that is fair enough. The critical need is the examination itself.

Guaranteed Income

A SUBSTITUTE FOR WELFARE



ERNEST GARVEY

Rarely has an essentially radical idea gained broad acceptance as rapidly as guaranteed income. Last August, an opinion poll showed public opposition to the idea by a two-to-one margin. But in less than a year, it has been endorsed by liberals and conservatives, businessmen and trade unionists, the academic community generally, and at least one Presidential candidate.

The Office of Economic Opportunity is about to put into operation a pilot project in New Jersey costing about \$6 million involving several hundred poor families who will receive income maintenance payments for one year using four different test formulas. It is generally expected that the next Administration will propose some version of the idea. A Presidential Commission on Income Maintenance headed by Ben Heinemann has just begun operation. The Joint Economic Committee of Congress plans to begin hearings in mid-June.

Recent converts include a panel of national business executives convened by Governor Rockefeller of New York, the National Council of Churches, and the United Auto Workers. The Poor People's Campaign supports the idea. The Kerner Commission proposed income maintenance as a "long-range objective." Last week, 1,000 academic economists led by James Tobin and John Kenneth Galbraith urged enactment of an income maintenance system.

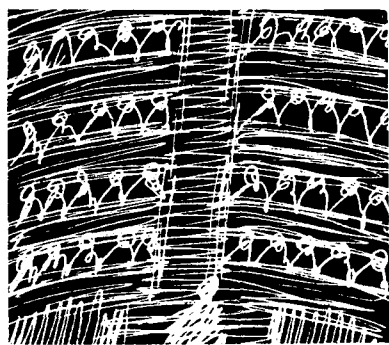
Income maintenance, guaranteed income, and the "negative income tax" all amount to the same thing. Individuals whose income fell below a certain level would receive simple supplement payments through monthly checks. Unlike welfare benefits, payments would not be reduced by one dollar for every dollar earned, and there would therefore be an incentive to work. For example, if a family of four received \$3,000 yearly when it had no other earnings, and then earned \$1,000, its payment would only be reduced by some amount less than \$1,000, say \$500. It would then receive \$2,500 in maintenance.

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nance payments, plus the \$1,000 which it earned, or \$3,500 all told, and be better off for having worked.

The idea has been around since about 1964. The "Triple Revolution" committee proposed it as a solution to automation. Conservative economist Milton Freedman saw it as a replacement to most indirect subsidy programs: If all families had adequate incomes, there would be no need for subsidized housing, food stamps, and so forth, since they could afford free market prices. (Freedman somewhat inconsistently proposes a basic annual standard of \$1,500 for a family of four!) Economist Robert Theobald views income maintenance in a somewhat more utopian perspective as an end to the Protestant ethic; if everyone were assured of income, people would only work at jobs they enjoyed doing; there would be great cultural enrichment from the better use of leisure time, and grubby jobs would have to command high wages.

The most compelling argument in favor of income maintenance, accepted by post-New Deal liberals and conservatives is that welfare simply hasn't worked, that



its benefits are too low, that it subjects recipients to intolerable indignities, and that it builds in disincentives to work.

Congressman William Fitts Ryan of Manhattan, who introduced the first income maintenance bill on May 16, ticked off the following impressive list of advantages:

First. It would close the poverty gap in the most direct and efficient way—by providing more money. *Second.* By establishing a single national criterion of assistance—need—it would end the indignities and violations of personal liberty which characterize the existing welfare system. *Third.* It would end the confusion of diverse and inconsistent State public assistance standards. *Fourth.* It would end irrelevant residence requirements for assistance. *Fifth.* By providing a minimum standard as a matter of right, payable upon simple application, it would remove the social stigma now attached to public assistance. *Sixth.* By establishing national standards, it would slow down the migration of the poor to the overburdened cities. *Seventh.* By reducing the monthly benefit by only fifty cents for every dollar earned, it would provide an incentive to work which is now absent from present welfare systems. *Eighth.* It would force the most menial jobs

to pay decent wages. *Ninth.* By providing everyone with at least a subsistence standard of living, it would limit the need for emergency food programs. *Tenth.* It would free social workers to provide needed and wanted services, and save money by eliminating the welfare bureaucracy's police functions. *Eleventh.* It would save the states and cities money by freeing badly needed revenues. *Twelfth.* It would stabilize the economy by establishing a minimum floor level of purchasing power for the poor." /

Ryan's plan is one of the less costly. He estimates a price tag of 4 to \$5 billion a year over and above existing welfare costs. Under the Ryan bill, a family of four with no other earnings would receive benefits of \$2,000 yearly. This is already more generous than the average welfare standards in thirty eight states. The remaining states would make up the difference between the \$2,000 payment and their present welfare level. Ryan believes that by starting relatively cheaply, it is easier to win acceptance for the approach, and the benefits can be increased gradually.

Even at the relatively low base of \$2,000, 60 percent of the 8,000,000 present welfare recipients would be better off, and all of the 22,000,000 Americans below the poverty line who receive no welfare benefits would have improved incomes.

The difficulty with providing benefits equal to the poverty level is that unless earnings are taxed at a very high rate the system begins subsidizing those who do not need subsidy. In the jargon, this is referred to "leakage." For example, if a family receives benefits of \$3000 yearly with no earnings, and benefits are reduced by 50 percent of earnings, it will still be receiving \$1,000 of benefits when its earnings are \$4,000 a year. Thus the cost of totally closing the poverty gap through income maintenance would be about \$26 billion a year.

Senator Kennedy opposed income maintenance on the ground that it is more important to spend the money to provide jobs. As a political judgment, this position may be sound, but it overlooks the fact that an estimated 97 percent of welfare recipients are either aged, disabled, or the mothers of small children, and thus not able to hold full-time jobs. As Congressman Ryan has put it, income maintenance "is not a substitute for jobs, it is a substitute for welfare. In fact, it cannot work unless well-paying jobs are available to those able to work."

Although at first blush, it is dismissed by conservatives as "paying people for not working," income maintenance has a strong conservative appeal on three grounds when compared to the present welfare system. It intrudes less on personal liberty, it involves greatly reduced bureaucratic machinery, and it provides incentives to work.

The best plan of all would be a combination of job creation along the lines of Senator Clark's Emergency Employment bill, and income maintenance as proposed by Congressman Ryan. Both seem much closer to reality than anyone dreamed a year ago.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN



SEAN CRONIN

A few months ago in Dublin, one of the last bastions of Catholic conservatism, the general secretary of the Irish Communist party and a Jesuit teacher marched together on behalf of evicted slum dwellers. They charged that 10,000 Dublin families are homeless. Many have been thrown out of condemned buildings and herded together in an old military barracks where husbands and wives are segregated. A couple of days after the protest, Father Austin Flannery, a Dominican theologian and editor who conducts a nightly religious program on television, invited the Jesuit, Father Michael Sweetman, and the Communist, Michael O'Riordan, to discuss their cause on his program.

Father Sweetman explained his part in the protest by pointing out that bad housing inevitably means bad conditions for the family, which, according to the Christian view, is the basic unit of society. It is the Christian's duty to try to correct whatever adversely affects the family. O'Riordan, who fought in the International Brigade in Spain, spent World War II in a prison camp in Ireland and now heads the minuscule Irish Workers' Party, defended the kind of agitation that the protest march represented, saying that it can help bring about better housing and jobs, improve social and cultural conditions for workers and thus add to their dignity as men. "The first Christian was regarded by some as an agitator," O'Riordan said, "and he did throw the money-changers out of the Temple."

Then the storm broke in Dáil Éireann, Ireland's national assembly. The protestors were roundly condemned by Minister of Finance Charles Haughey, members of Dublin's housing committee and the minister responsible for housing, Kevin Boland, who attacked not only the Jesuit and the Communist but also the Dominican who had had the temerity to air the views of "street corner agitators" on state-financed television.

The Deputy Lord Mayor of Dublin, Lauri Corcoran, joined the battle and extended it. He announced that there were 3,000 active Communists in Dublin, supported by outside "monies," and that lecturers were being flown direct from Moscow to indoctrinate the Irish people. Corcoran warned that "these people are infiltrating into all walks of life, into the professions, into manage-

ment, into some youth organizations and particularly into some branches of the trade union movement."

In all the uproar and despite the bitter public remarks about two priests, the bishops of Ireland remained silent. In a country where "a belt from a crozier" has quieted politicians far bigger than Haughey, Boland and Corcoran, that was suspicious. These gentlemen must have known they were on safe ground.

The housing protest and the politicians' counterprotest took place against a strange background: celebration of the centenary of the birth of James Connolly, the revolutionary socialist who, with the poet Padraic Pearse, helped lead the 1916 Rebellion and then was executed by the British. The Irish state owes its existence to Connolly and his colleagues, although the Ireland of today isn't the kind of republic they had in mind when they pasted their proclamation of independence on the walls of the General Post Office. Connolly, a self-taught worker, wrote *Labor in Irish History*, a classic of its kind. He was a remarkable man, a Marxist and a Catholic, a combination even rarer 60 years ago than today. Despite an official black-out of his writings, Connolly's influence is strong among the young in Ireland. He seems to speak as much to their frustrations as their aspirations. Significantly, during the television discussion of Dublin's housing crisis, one of Connolly's best known remarks was quoted repeatedly: "Ireland without her people is nothing to me."

Ireland without her people is no glib remark at this point in her history. The depopulation of the western province of Connacht continues at an alarming rate. Families are abandoning homesteads, a very unusual development in Irish emigration. For most boys and girls the central fact of life is that they *must* emigrate. They leave in their teens for England with little schooling and no skills. The money they send home keeps the Republic's budget balanced. When they return for a holiday they are listed as "tourists" by the statisticians.

In this way, Ireland, a poor country, exports much of its poverty. Jobs are scarce and pay is low outside the few big urban centers which are currently enjoying a boom. Owners of big and medium-sized farms are doing fairly well as agricultural exports continue to grow. But the cost of living is high—some visitors put Dublin on a par with London. Industrially, Ireland remains comparatively undeveloped, although that situation is changing

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too. Foreign firms are taking advantage of generous grants, tax incentives and cheap labor to set up branches in Ireland. Shannon Free Airport has a special development plan which includes leasing factories at nominal rents and tax-free profits until 1983. A number of British, German, American, Dutch, Canadian and South African enterprises have taken advantage of the scheme, exporting a long line of consumer items from pianos to transistor radios. The government is also putting a lot of money into tourism and earning a sizable return despite the fickleness of Irish summers.

With emigrant remittances and tourist income, those left in Ireland have been able to build a fairly snug society. The men with a stake in the country have put safe, sound administrators at the head of their affairs. The biggest political issue is a referendum on proportional representation which the government party is trying to abolish for the second time in a decade. It wants to get rid of the rash of parties it says PR produces. In fact, there are only three of any consequence and all are conservative, even the Laborites. Still, the government wants to be able to get a clear majority in the Dáil which it finds difficult to do under the present electoral system.

It used to be said that the real power in Ireland was the Catholic hierarchy; certainly it was true up to 1950 when a coalition cabinet fell after the bishops condemned a public health plan on moral grounds. But little of this is seen on the surface; the hierarchy is able to make its will known in subtler ways than by public statements.

The most powerful figure among the bishops is not the Cardinal-Primate of Armagh (which is in the separated six counties in the North) but John Charles McQuaid, Archbishop of Dublin since 1940. He is a medieval-minded man who regularly declares it a mortal sin for an Irish Catholic to attend Dublin's Trinity College, a predominantly Protestant university. McQuaid has pressed his power in many different directions. In October, 1955, he was annoyed because the Football Association of Ireland "had not had the courtesy" to obtain his views on a proposed soccer match with a visiting Yugoslav team. Although the game was played, once his Grace's displeasure became public knowledge all state bodies involved in the arrangements withdrew. On another occasion the Dublin Theater Festival displeased him because its program included a Sean O'Casey play and an adaptation of James Joyce's *Ulysses*. Neither was produced.

Archbishop McQuaid, according to those who know him, is personally a gracious man. Ecumenism is not his strong suit, but he does not make political statements, an important point. His targets are the usual "evils" of modern life, and television causes him constant consternation, especially when laymen presume to discuss theological matters.

One program travelled to a building site in London to interview Irish workers, most of whom said they had ceased going to Mass. The station was condemned by

the chorus of confraternities that can be summoned to "defend" the Church on such occasions and the show was construed as yet another attack on religion.

Actually Archbishop McQuaid and the confraternities are right about television. It is helping to change the country, whether for good or ill. Some say the canned American shows are brainwashing the people, corrupting their religion and their nationality. Panel programs and other discussions are challenging old concepts. The sale of contraceptives is subject to heavy penalties, but "the pill" is openly discussed on television. People who hadn't shifted a stick of furniture in their minds for decades are faced with a new world full of ideas. They may not like it but they can't ignore it. After television, rural Ire-



land can never be the same. And even for sophisticated city folk, the stock answers in religious, political and economic matters just won't do.

The young clergy are in the van of change. The constitution of the Republic bars divorce. Protestant spokesmen said this was something they didn't want changed. But a priest raised the question whether a majority could deny such a "right" to a minority. In the West of Ireland young priests are forming farm cooperatives in an effort to stem the emigrant flow. Young priests are also challenging Ireland's obscurantist book and film censorship code. Last year 5,000 titles were unbanned. The system was becoming an international joke. Taking the lead here is Father Peter Connolly, a professor at Maynooth College. He has praised the books of the much-banned novelist, Edna O'Brien, who is now living in England.

Once Irish writers went into exile to escape politics and parochialism. Now the "brain drain" is sweeping many of them into American universities. The list includes Denis Johnston, Benedict Kiely, Thomas Kinsella, Conor Cruise O'Brien, and his wife, Máire MacEntee, Anthony Cronin and John Jordan. Brian Moore is also in America. Except for Dr. O'Brien, who has written a long play and continues to comment copiously on life, literature and politics, and Padraic Colum who has been commuting between New York and Dublin for 60 years and is still going strong, their output has suffered. John Montague, the poet, lives in Paris where Ireland's greatest living expatriate, Samuel Beckett, also resides. Edna O'Brien, John Hewitt, Patrick Galvin, Hugh Leonard and

John McGahern are in England. Aidan Higgins, Pearse Hutchinson and Kate O'Brien are, or were, in Spain. Liam O'Flaherty is apt to be anywhere.

John McGahern, author of *The Barracks* and *The Dark*, is a living example that despite changes the bad old Ireland is not dead yet. He was forced into exile after the publication of his second novel, a sensitive portrayal of the maturing of an adolescent, and his marriage outside the Church. The book was banned. McGahern, a teacher, was told by his school manager, a priest, that he had lost his post. The teachers' union refused to do anything about it.

Changes in Education

Change is also hitting education, long the preserve of the well-to-do. According to a recent survey, only 0.4 percent of university students came from the homes of unskilled workers; the children of manual workers made up just 10 percent of the total. The children of the poor leave school at 14 and to go work. County Councils offer a limited number of scholarships for secondary schools and universities, but by and large it is difficult to get much beyond primary school in Ireland without wealth. Now a new deal for all is offered under a plan drawn up by the late Donogh O'Malley, an able minister of education who died suddenly in his forties a few months ago. O'Malley also proposed a merger of University College Dublin, which stems from Cardinal Newman's Catholic University, and Trinity College. With O'Malley dead, the future of his plan is cloudy. A great gulf separates UCD and TCD—religious, social and political—and it will be hard to bridge. For one thing, Trinity now represents the liberal establishment, while UCD is steeped in conservatism. A similar metamorphosis has occurred in the case of the once Tory-oriented, Protestant-owned *Irish Times*; it is now the liberal voice of Ireland.

In foreign affairs, the government of the Republic follows the United States and Britain on almost all issues except colonial questions, on which it is apt to side with the Afro-Asian bloc or not vote at all. For a number of years, notably while Dr. Conor Cruise O'Brien was in the foreign service, Ireland followed an independent line at the United Nations and on one memorable occasion defied State Department pressure exerted through Cardinal Spellman. On the question of recognizing "controversial" countries, Dublin appears to follow the Vatican line. For example, it has no diplomatic relations with Israel. The first and only country to recognize the underground Irish Republican government in 1919 was the Soviet Union, but Dublin has no relations with the USSR today.

Ireland's main problem, partition, goes unmentioned at the United Nations—in deference to British sensibilities perhaps—although some Communist-bloc countries have raised the matter, to the chagrin of Dublin. Yet

this remains the fundamental unresolved political issue in Irish life. To preserve the status quo, both areas employ draconian legal measures (called the Special Powers Act in the North, the Offences Against the State Act in the Republic) which permit arrest without charge and jailing without trial—indefinitely. South Africa has modeled some of its emergency laws on the Northern Ireland prototype. Both the Offences Against the State and the Special Powers Acts have codified as the permanent law of the land various British coercion measures adopted when London ruled all of Ireland. Civil libertarian groups and lawyers' groups have condemned these acts, but without effect.

For a person of some means who is not too concerned about Ireland's unfinished revolution, the plight of the poor, or the export of the young to England, Dublin is a very pleasant place to live, with its gray eighteenth-century houses, Georgian squares and terraces. The sea and the mountains are on its doorstep. Pubs and people are congenial and there is an air of tolerance. Good theater is available at non-prohibitive prices and is uncensored. Talk sparkles and the citizens are individualists. It is also the right size—500,000 population. Pollution is at a minimum. The air is bracing. You can get to any part of the island in half a day by car, or hop a plane and be in London, Paris, Madrid, Rome or almost any point in Europe in a couple of hours.

Life stays simple in Ireland, and that's a wonderful thing in a complicated world. But even in Ireland, just as in any other country, life is never simple for the poor. This is the core of James Connolly's message, expressed again in the Dublin housing protest. And it is the central fact of Ireland's unfinished revolution.



WILLIAM GOODREAU

OPHELIA

A yellow light from a boat at sea
Sweeps absently across the waves;
It blazes on the fog which wreathes
A school of islands on the bay.

The beam is strong in dark blue air
But on the water it spreads out
Like lengths of blonde, unloosened hair.
Hands on the earth I watch this boat

Approach the shore and veer away
As if it felt the widening
Its illuminated progress made
In the drowned heart whose hollows ring

With hope of rescue from the snare
Of singleness and mined despair.

RECORDS

The pianist Ashkenazy provides some of the most treasureable musical experiences one can have today; and he shames his only equals, Cliburn and Gould, by fulfilling the obligations of his powers as they do not—which is to say, by playing major works of the piano literature which Cliburn, from indolence, and Gould, from eccentricity, leave unlearned. The latest of these that Ashkenazy has recorded for London is Beethoven's Sonata Op. 106 (*Hammerklavier*), one of the musical embodiments of the inner illumination of his last years that J.W.N. Sullivan writes about so discerningly. That illumination is communicated in the slow movement, whose enormous length is dictated by its expansive ideas and their wide-ranging development. Its greatest realization on the piano is still Schnabel's on the Angel record, with its enlarging of the music's shape through the prolonging of time values that enlarges its expressive dimensions; and though Ashkenazy doesn't give the movement this enlargement, he performs it with deeply moving expressive eloquence, and with an unflinching coherence and sustained tension that causes the long progression to hold one's mind from first note to last. Moreover Ashkenazy succeeds in the tremendous first movement in which Schnabel fails: whereas Schnabel obeys the Beethoven metronome marking that makes the movement a frenetic rush which he cannot even execute clearly, Ashkenazy doesn't indulge in this "mistaken form of piety," as Tovey characterizes it, but instead finds the tempo in which he can articulate and shape the movement in what becomes the most effective statement of it in my experience. In these two movements Beethoven's thought is clear; but the long concluding fugue I find obscure; and the extraordinary clarity Ashkenazy creates in its texture and structure doesn't lessen the obscurity in expressive meaning.

Though Alfred Brendel doesn't attain the level of Ashkenazy, Cliburn and Gould, he is an excellent pianist and sensitive musician; and on a Turnabout stereo record he plays the first and last movements of Mozart's Concerto K.482 with the Vienna Chamber Orchestra under Angerer effectively. But in his fast tempo the great slow movement doesn't have the expressive effect it has in the prescribed *andante*.

Two of Mozart's loveliest works are the Clarinet Concerto K.622 and Quintet K.581 for clarinet and strings. No performances of them have offered the equal of De Peyer's tone and phrasing; nor does Karl Leister's of the concerto with the Berlin Philharmonic under Kubelik, on a Deutsche Grammophon stereo record; But it is a fine one, and comes with the less familiar Clarinet Concerto Op. 73 of Weber, which turns out to have long stretches

of the most beautiful lyrical writing by this composer that I have ever heard. The sound needs addition of bass.

Of the two new performances of Schubert's beautiful Quintet Op. 114 (*Trout*) for piano and strings—one at the Marlboro Festival with Serkin, on a Columbia record, and one by the Melos Ensemble, on an Angel stereo record—I prefer the second because of Lamar Crowson's sensitively enlivened piano-playing. But the Melos violinist is mediocre; and I therefore suggest instead the earlier Eschenbach-Koeckert Quartet performance on a Deutsche Grammophon record.

What fascinating writing Tchaikovsky could achieve with his precision and taste in the use of the entire complex of musical line, color, texture and mass is heard in the Theme and Variations that concludes his Suite No. 3 for orchestra, and that Balanchine made into the marvelous ballet *Theme and Variations* for American Ballet Theater. Except for a couple of oddities of tempo Ansermet performs it well in his London recording of the suite with L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande.

Another engaging Tchaikovsky piece that Balanchine made into the ballet *Serenade* is the Serenade for strings, which is performed beautifully on a Deutsche Grammophon stereo record by von Karajan and the Berlin Philharmonic. The reverse side has Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker Suite*. The sound needs addition of bass.

The relaxed and genial side of Mahler is heard in the first two movements of his Symphony No. 1; the dark side in the brooding and ominous third movement and vehemently dramatic finale. A Deutsche Grammophon stereo record offers the excellent performance by Kubelik and the fine Bavarian Radio Symphony, whose sound needs addition of bass.

What is perhaps Verdi's most heart-piercingly beautiful single piece of writing—the extraordinary last manifestation of the matured and refined art of a man in his eighties—is his *Te Deum* for chorus and orchestra. Toscanini's superb performance with the NBC Symphony is reissued on Victrola VIC-1331 (mono), with excellent 1954 sound (reduce treble and add bass). The record also has the early Chorus of the Hebrew Slaves from *Nabucco* (add bass), which Toscanini makes exciting with his command of the Verdi *espansione*; and the *Hymn of the Nations* (reduce treble for agreeable sound).

Asked what Toscanini performances he remembered especially, a former NBC Symphony musician first cited the *Otello*, the *Aida*, the *Requiem*, and then said: "And I'll tell you one performance that stands out in my memory: the *Skaters Waltz*. Beautiful! And other things like that." VIC-1321 (mono) has the enchanting performances of the Waldteufel *Skaters Waltz* and several "other things like that"—the Strauss *Blue Danube Waltz* and *Tritsch-Tratsch Polka*, the Paganini *Moto Perpetuo*, the Berlioz *Rakoczy March*, the Weber-Berlioz *Invitation to the Dance*, the *Ballabili* from Verdi's *Otello*; and the Strauss polka and Paganini piece enable one to hear the

hair-raising energy and fire of the performance of the early NBC years. The first four performances need addition of bass and treble; the *Rakoczy March*, addition only of bass; the last two, addition of bass and reduction of treble.

VIC-1330 (mono) has Toscanini's impassioned performance of Mozart's G-minor, embodying his feeling that this work was unique among the Mozart symphonies in its dramatic intensity. In the performance of Mozart's Symphony K.543 on the reverse side the second and third movements are played too fast for the proper flow, articulation and effect of the music—sacrificed for the demonstration of an *andante* and an *Allegretto* that would not be "too slow," as he contended they usually were. Add bass and reduce treble.

Additional places in New York that stock mono Toscanini Victrolas are Discophile and the record division in Patelson's music store.

B. H. HAGGIN

FAIRISH SUMMER FARE



THE SCREEN

If the comedies now on our screens are a sample of what's in store for the summer, there is little cause for rejoicing. They are pretty thin stuff, and most of them are not worth sitting through even in an air-conditioned theater. In any case, here are a few notes that may be a useful guide.

"The Thomas Crown Affair" tells the story of a rich Bostonian (Steve McQueen), who masterminds a \$2.5 million bank robbery just to show how clever he is, and the insurance investigator (Faye Dunaway), who pursues him and finally gets him—into bed but not into jail. Perhaps to disguise the fact that this tale is a fluffy nothing, producer-director Norman Jewison has smothered his movie in glamor and tricky film techniques. But not even Haskell Wexler's first-rate color photography of Boston and environs, the use of split-screen and multiple-screen devices, the 29 (count 'em) too, too chic and mod costumes worn by Miss Dunaway, or the big seduction scene that ends with the much publicized "longest kiss on record" can make the foolish crime-for-fun plot acceptable. Outstanding in the cast is Paul Burke as the police detective who has cause to get impatient with the whole affair and finally blurts out, "I'm running a sex orgy for a couple of freaks—on government funds." I wish the script, however, didn't also make him use profanity, especially the Lord's name.

"Prudence and the Pill" is no doubt meant to be a sophisticated English comedy of manners. In spite of its good cast and handsome costumes and elaborate sets to

indicate that some of the characters are very upper class, it sinks to a new level in expensive, unfunny vulgarity. This is not so much because of The Pill situation, which probably deserves some kidding along with serious consideration, but mainly because how the plot (screenplay by Hugh Millis from his own novel) uses it as a prop in this tale of sexual affairs, premarital and adulterous. The main joke concerns some characters' substituting aspirins or vitamins for other characters' Pills. As a result, in the finale there are bouncing babies all over the place. And Prudence (Deborah Kerr), now divorced from her husband (David Niven), is married to her doctor (Keith Mitchell) who sired her baby. And Niven is now married to his mistress (Irina Demick) who gave birth to his baby. Niven's brother (Robert Coote) stays married to his wife (Joyce Redman) who has his baby. And all these elders beam on Coote's teenage daughter and her boyfriend who have their baby and on the maid and chauffeur who have theirs. So, you see, everyone is deliriously happy. I'd be happy too if this were the last of the Pill comedies.

"The Sweet Ride" seems at times to be a *comedy* about the young and not-so-young beach bums around Malibu. Some of these kids are having a jolly wild time, but it soon becomes apparent that surfing and the irresponsible life are not enough, especially for Michael Sarrazin who falls in love with a beautiful TV starlet (Jacqueline Bisset) who's a nymphomaniac or something. Fortunately Michael grows up and decides to leave the beach and get a job. This is one of those strange movies that never quite come off because they never know where they're going. Interestingly enough, the best performance is turned in by Tony Franciosa as a 40ish drop-out who realizes he should have got out of the water 20 years ago.

"What's So Bad About Feeling Good?" is one of those light-hearted comedies with only a single situation, and a fantastic one at that; but the joke is so amusing and it's done so well that you just laugh and laugh and let it go at that. On a ship that comes into New York harbor is a toucan that has a rare virus: people who catch this virus are overcome with a euphoria that makes them glow and enjoy life in a new way. With all this optimism floating around the city, New Yorkers stop being their nasty, rude, rushing selves and everyone is just plain nice to everyone else. Needless to say ambition peters out, and city fathers have cause for alarm when business is no longer booming. National fathers in Washington are a bit worried too when the disease begins to spread and they send a man (Dom De Luise) to correct things. So former hippies (George Peppard and Mary Tyler Moore) get involved because they are harboring the toucan. Well, all this is pretty slight, but producer-director George Seaton keeps his picture moving, and you begin to feel so good you wonder if the toucan bit you too.

"Happy End" is a little gift from Czechoslovakia and is amusing enough to sit through even if its wild idea doesn't quite work. It tells its story backwards—and starts with a beheading and ends with the young love that really was the beginning of the whole thing. This ingenious scheme would have made a wonderful short, but 73 minutes of going backwards becomes rather hard going; before the end which is the beginning I found myself nodding. Try it for novelty anyway.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

REVERSE GERONTOCRACY

ETC.

Despite an inauspicious premiere at Chicago's Oriental theater (with a 9 A.M. opening), director Barry Shear's "Wild In The Streets" may well be a "sleeper," a controversial money-maker. Although the film has neither the artistic nor sophisticated manner of "Morgan," "Bonnie & Clyde," or "The Graduate," it is sure to enrage the critics and entice the new generation of movie-goers. In message and style, its cardboard characterization and contrived plot are compensated by full dosage treatment of the salient themes of the new cinema—popular culture, electronics, youthful rebellion and mass protest against the authority of the old order. Whereas Peter Watkins' "Privilege" was a social consciousness warning against power elite manipulation of a pop singer, "Wild In The Streets" portrays a new left syndicalism of the young, led by rock idol Max Frost, and bent upon putting the over-thirty war-makers in LSD rehabilitation camps.

Beneath a surface similarity to "Privilege," there are a series of characteristic American myths of the kind explored by literary critic Leslie Fiedler and embodied in native folklore. While the ostensible subjects are contemporary phenomena like musical cults, generational conflict and participation politics, the underlying concerns relate to recurrent apprehensions about the American scene often contained in sociological studies as well as Hollywood productions: namely, the mystique of newness and youth, democracy as a popularity contest, and the pluralistic fabric versus an incipient tyranny of the numerical majority. In a sense, the texts from which "Wild In The Streets" has taken its cues might be De Tocqueville's *Democracy in America* and Orson Welles' "Citizen Kane." In "Privilege," Watkins was obsessed with the contagion of fascism, class stratification and overt militarism, and he realized no box-office success since these particular fears have been alien to American terminology. "Wild In the Streets" addresses itself to commonplaces and stock emotional issues such as Mom-

ism, parental puritanism, drugs, and the California dream.

The script centers upon the American assumption of an ultimate identity of cultural influence, media prominence, political leverage, and demographic statistics. When teen-star Max Frost discovers that the under-25 population constitute 52 percent, he puts the case for a revolution against the ruling gerontocracy: "We got the numbers now . . . country's in a brand new bag now . . . they play the songs we dig . . . we make business big . . . we're gonna do it up right now . . . we want the vote now . . ." Modeled after Jim Morrison of "The Doors," blue-eyed and black-jacketed Christopher Jones plays Frost as the spokesman for the now generation. But, his long hair tied in a wig piece invites participation in the image of a latter-day combination of Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr. Parlaying the American dream and melting pot notion, his brain trust and entourage consists of Stanley X (played by black comedian Richard Pryor), a 15-year-old Yankee whiz kid from Yale law school, a blonde beach girl in Pocahontas dress, and an Oriental heiress who becomes a mistress and masseuse. Accordingly, the movement for youth power partakes of slogans like "14 or Fight" and invokes analogies with Patrick Henry, the suffragettes, the populists, and civil rights. In classic fashion, they make a coalition with thirty-seven year old California Democratic Senator Johnny Furguss,

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compromise on "15 and ready," march on Washington, and accept a Republican offer to draft Frost for President.

Similarly, songstress Sally Lee Roy, the first youth-nik elected to Congress, suggests the ethos of change in terms of the nation's own myopic fascination with fun, and power: "Mr. Speaker, America's greatest contribution has been to teach the world that getting old is such a drag . . . Youth is America's great secret weapon . . . We ask that the Constitution be amended so that the secret weapon can be used."

In his campaign and program, protagonist Frost becomes less a proto-fascist and musical dictator than a parody on neo-Jeffersonianism. The Jeffersonian doctrines of least government, sovereignty of the present, and agrarianism translate into "don't need a foreign policy," "down with experience," and beach parties for the youth and mandatory retirement to Paradise Camps for the over-30 types. As Jefferson opined that each generation should have a revolution and overthrow the institutions of its successors, Frost believes that: "There's the old world make-believe . . . But nothing can stop the shape of things to come." At a press conference, he hints that the American example will spark a world revolution, that Mao and Castro are too old, that the Red Guards may begin to sing "Don't Wanna Be No Yellow Peril."

This element of parody of everything from Jefferson to the Jefferson Airplane is an overlay upon a basic strain of satire. The satirical barbs are directed against everyone who subscribes to the cult of youth; the devices and techniques of this cinematic satire have been borrowed from "Dr. Strangelove" as well as artistic and commercial films. And, the power of the satire remains unrealized precisely to the extent that stock contrivances draw from Hollywood comedy, TV serials, and science fiction rather than from the potentials of the cast and the script.

Thus Shelley Winters as Mother Frost oscillates between slap-stick and desperation; Ed Begley as the elderly Senator alternates between senility and prophecy; and, Hal Holbrook as candidate Furguss (with Millie Perkins as his wife) fails to resolve a schizoid split between his opportunistic and statesman-like tendencies. Similarly, the movie has one foot in camp and the other in superb graphics. After Walter Winchell appears as a Capitol reporter during a demonstration, there is a short riot scene which bears brief comparison to Eisenstein's Odessa steps slaughter in *Potemkin*. Yet, neither the camp nor the graphic possibilities are developed.

However, the boundaries of satire are maintained to the end. There are neither real heroes nor identifiable villains; all the images are invested with ambiguous properties; the events take place on a one-dimensional plane. Christopher Jones appears the New Adam in the Garden of Youth in a forest scene that achieves photographic excellence. In the next and last sequence, the spell is broken when he becomes obsessed with growing

old at 24, kills a children's pet, and inspires a revolt of the innocents. As adults had prompted the adolescent rebellion, so the young are to be supplanted by the youngest: "We're gonna put everyone over ten out of business."

As satire, the picture takes the cult of youth as its prime target: "who in America can truly resist the clarion call of youth?" "If nobody wants to be old anymore, why should we wait?" At the same time, it has a Swiftian suggestion that the preoccupation of youth with hedonistic withdrawal draws from a culture which produces a "politics of happiness" exemplified by Hubert Humphrey's promises to marry "beauty with utility . . . quantity with quality."

Finally, it makes a break with previous rock 'n' roll movies. In "Lonely Boy," it was never clear whether Paul Anka and his manager were aware of the satirical tinge given their remarks: "When you reach the top you must look like you're in show business." The semi-documentary "Some People" by Clive Dover contrasted high-spirited authenticity among the young against high-handed, forced falseness in the adult world. With "Don't Look Back," D. A. Pennebaker captured the human dimensions of Dylan, Baez and Donovan on concert tour in Britain. Despite vast differences in character and quality, the rock and folk music culture of performers and fans were shown in hipster stance, eschewing the values and corruptions but exploiting the tangibles of money and publicity. What Watkins' "Privilege" tried to do was extend this formulation into a struggle between personal integrity and deception. "Wild In The Streets" differs because it says that the hipster peculiarities of rock revolt will be subverted by derivation from the general pattern of Western culture: all power to the student syndicalists simply restates the younger the better postulate.

In a recent interview, Frank Zappa, writer for "The Mothers of Invention," indicates this mood and predicts the "United Mutations" will elect the President in 1972: "The parents are so screwed up . . . victims of their regimented environments . . . in a state to pass on that plague to their children . . . The kids today . . . have a chance to break the chain. Just by numerical statistics—soon they'll be a majority." Reviewing "Wild In The Streets," Chicago *Sun-Times* movie critic Roger Ebert merely states the obverse (the more the worse): "Once you've experienced a concert by a group like the Beatles or the Doors, the fascist potential of pop music becomes inescapable. There is a primitive force in these mass demonstrations that breaks down individualism and creates a joyous mob." Beyond an unfounded attribution of extraordinary implications to age, music and sheer numbers, neither expectation of liberation nor fear of fascism observes the ingrained cultural complicity of the adults in the theory of reverse gerontocracy as an escape from problems. In *The Art of Being Ruled* (1926), the

sardonic Wyndham Lewis noted: "Barrie's play, *Peter Pan*, is to our time what *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was to the Civil War period . . . The refusal to grow up of Peter Pan was the specific found by the *narquois* mind of the Zeitgeist for the increasing difficulties connected with growing up." If there were reverse gerontocracy, as SDS and the hippies now desire, it would not be *inherent* in a

rock revolt and could not be *analogous* to a movement for radical change. As Lewis concluded, the Peter Pan conspiracy was a revolt against thought and struggle.

Despite its manifold defects, it is to the credit of "Wild In The Streets" that it points to the illusory reverse gerontocracy. It would not be a revolution but an extension of what we have now.

JOHN QUIRK

BOOKS

Economics can be fun

The Economics of Crisis

ELIOT JANEWAY

Weybright & Talley, \$10

STANISLAW WELLISZ

"Americans still believe in the modern myth that war pays because their experience of their own history has satisfied them again and again that their wars have triggered off booms: all their wars have, until Vietnam backfired." "For the U.S., at least, war had been made to pay as a substitute for economic management." ". . . Vietnam came when America had outgrown any need to rely on war-related spending as a substitute for post-Keynesian national economic management." These three quotations sum up the message of Janeway's book.

Some of us condemn wars regardless of their economic consequences. We condemn them because they destroy human beings, human spirit and human achievements. Yet, for a nation which prides itself above all in its economic well-being, Janeway's message is worth repeating.

Once the message is stated and repeated for emphasis (I counted six such repeats in the first hundred pages) the question arises, what else is there to say? Should one total up the cost of wars, netting out, perhaps, the benefits derived from war-created booms? Should one strive to prove that the U.S. deliberately applied wars as an anti-depressant—or to demonstrate that the New Economics is an efficient prophylactic

against depressions? Mr. Janeway shuns all three themes which follow from his message. Instead, he trots out assorted crises, from Waterloo to Vietnam.

"Angell's Vision," "De Gaulle's Disengagement" and "Washington's Legacy" (in that order) open the cavalcade of crises; then follows a detachment of alliterative chapter headings, including "Morgan's Mission," "Bismarck's Breakthrough" and "Morgenthau's Mistakes." The cortege closes (predictably) with "Martin's Mystique," "Johnson's Jungles" and "McNamara's Mirage." The reader reviewing the procession learns what was wrong with the Indian Rupee, how it came about that Jackson vetoed the Maysville Turnpike Bill, what Lloyd George told C.P. Snow, and many other facts and opinions on important, unimportant, or downright trivial matters.

The narrative is lively and amusing, somewhat in the manner of *1066 And All That*. Most of the readers will embark on Janeway's Journey (the style is infectious) with some vague residues of knowledge of the Mexican War and the conflicts it caused in the U.S., of Disraeli, his novels and election reforms, and of Roosevelt's devaluation. Janeway throws in many new facts, but he also compounds our confusion. Crises tumble one after another to be interrupted only by flashbacks and digressions. On a single page, we find Jameson's opinion of American businessmen, the Stalin-Varga exchange, the War of 1812 and the Constitutional Convention's decision to locate the Capital on the Potomac. A chapter entitled "Lin-

coln's Luck" starts with Vietnam and post-Keynesian economics, switches to 1860, alludes to Taft's attack on Truman, moves back to 1848, and again to 1967. The discussion of the Hitler-Stalin Pact is sandwiched between two passages on the Roosevelt-Keynes relations.

In true *1066* manner Janeway gives us many a Memorable Phrase: "For it was a modern version of Calhoun's pre-Mexican-War strategy which was vindicated during and after the cliff-hanger campaign of 1960 . . ." ". . . the ghosts from Mexican War days came to dominate both sides of the fight over our Vietnam intervention." ". . . the fiscal and monetary crisis brought on by the Vietnam war confronted America and the world with the tragic consequences of Morgenthau's amateurishness, Warren's quackery and Roosevelt's susceptibility." Try them on your friends who haven't yet read Janeway's book.

It almost seems that Janeway's purpose is to impress rather than to enlighten. For otherwise (to take a topic honored with a chapter heading), why should he make it so difficult to understand how Morgan made a fortune while saving the dollar? Or again, a topic relating to our current international monetary difficulties, why not tell the reader in a clear and precise fashion what are the differences and similarities between the two major post-war international currency proposals? John H. Williams wrote about the two plans with clarity and with an all too accurate foresight while the plans were still under debate (which shows, incidentally,

12 July 1968: 471

that some American economists influential in the currency management circles knew what was wrong with the White Plan)—so why can't Janeway, who has the benefit of a twenty-odd years' perspective, be clear, unless he deliberately sets out to mystify the reader?

Despite the lack of clarity, Janeway's work bears the mark of an enormous amount of scholarly research: the lay reader is overwhelmed by Wisdom; the professional economist thinks with envy of Janeway's research staff. As is inevitable in a work of such wide scope, a specialist may take issue with facts and opinions in fields in which he is familiar, though he must defer to Mr. Janeway (and to his staff) in other fields. I will give one or two examples where I disagree with the learned Author.

"Angell's Vision," which opens the book, is a demonstration that Victory Does Not Pay. Angell, we read, "has made his reputation with his original exposé of France's achievement in converting military defeat into economic victory at Germany's expense during the 1870's." Angell exhibited "historical realism and prophetic clarity" when he stated that the decade 1870-1880 was for France "a great recuperative period," while for many other European countries, including Germany, it was a period of depression. Unfortunately for Janeway's thesis, recent research shows that Angell was wrong. To be sure German prices declined relative to French prices, but when correction is made for the price movements we see that both countries fared just about equally well. Moreover the French "great recuperative period" was something of an optical illusion. Though France paid its war debts faster than anyone expected, the growth rate of the French economy during the three decades which followed the Franco-Prussian War was markedly lower than the rate of the preceding three decades. So much for Angell's vision.

Now for some points of interpretation. We are told that "American economic thinking has been and is still largely dominated by European theories which have not taken into account the

peculiar institutions of American Exceptionalism." The list of the economists who, according to Janeway, gave America its economic theories, includes Rist and Cassell (I wonder how many readers know what their contribution to our economic thought is) but not Wick-sell, Walras, Jevons or Edgeworth, not to speak of influential Americans, such as J.B. Clark, Taussig, Irving Fisher, Frank Knight, Henry Simons, Alvin Hansen, Milton Friedman, and many others. I also wonder what it is, aside from their insistence on the virtues of competition, which distinguished American economists as a group from their European counterparts, and what are the "American exceptions" which European scholars fail to take into account.

Other items which I would put in the raised-eyebrow department include the statement that Keynes was the inventor of managed currency and Lincoln his precursor, that "orthodox thinking associated economic growth with rising prices" and that the international monetary system would work perfectly, U.S. deficits notwithstanding, if we had only adopted the Keynes plan. The list can be lengthened upon request—or the informed reader can compile his own.

"Errors and omissions" inevitably appear in every balance sheet, so I shall not dwell too much upon them. But what, aside from the laudable sentiments concerning war, appears on the credit side?

Mr. Janeway does not prove that in the past the U.S. relied on wars to overcome depressions: according to A.G. Hart, between 1870 and World War II there were only six stretches "exceeding 3 years in succession with output over 90% of potential" and only one period of prosperity came within a year of the conclusion of a war. Only two of the recessions which occurred during the intervening period were "cured" by means of a wartime boom. Nor were the long-term effects of all U.S. wars positive: the Spanish war did not affect the long-term growth rate of the U.S. economy, and World War I appears to have slowed it down. Mr. Janeway is right, of course, in saying that wars fought on foreign territories create temporary

booms, but this is something which we knew all along.

The second proposition, namely that we now know how to manage our economy so as to prevent recession, also remains to be proved. As Mr. Janeway rightly points out, the postwar policy of the Federal Reserve gives us few grounds for reassurance. Among academic economists there is a continuous debate between the advocates of an interventionist policy and the partisans of fiscal "neutrality" coupled with a steady rate of monetary expansion. And even in Holland, the number one example of the wisdom of Neo-Keynesianism, policymakers disagree whether stabilization attempts do more harm than good.

Yet there is an important item on the credit side: Mr. Janeway has written a lively and readable book, and he has demonstrated that Economics Can Be Fun. More than that, he has shown how economic events are intertwined with political and social history, and how abstruse theories and technical policy decisions, made behind closed doors by dull and stuffy men, affect our everyday lives.

Jesus, God and Man

WOLFHART PANNENBERG

Westminster, \$10.00

JOHN S. DUNNE

The meaning of a sentence is not determinate until the sentence is completed and brought to a full stop. The meaning of a life may be similar. As long as the life is still going on, its meaning is still in the making. Only when it is completed and brought to a full stop in death does its significance become determinate. Maybe the same could be said of history, too. Whether history is a tragedy or a comedy or something else again remains undecided as long as it is still unfinished. Its outcome will finally determine what it shall mean.

This is the kind of thinking about the meaning of life and history which seems to pervade Wolfhart Pannenberg's theology. Life and history, accordingly, are determined out of the future. Be-

fore the end is reached the meaning of a life or a history is "proleptic," anticipatory, like the meaning of a sentence composed of many clauses when one has not yet come to the last clause. After the end is reached the meaning becomes "retroactive," as the last clause determines the meaning of all the previous clauses in a periodic sentence.

According to Pannenberg, the meaning of the life of Jesus, in particular, is determined by its outcome, his resurrection from the dead. Before the end, his life was ambiguous. Speaking with authority as he did and setting his own authority above that of God's law as in the Sermon on the Mount: "You have heard that it was said . . . but I say to you . . .," he may have been a blasphemer arrogating to himself the authority of God or he may have been genuinely possessed of that authority. Only God's own act could decide. The end on the cross seemed to decide one way: he died the death of an outlaw. The resurrection decided the other way: the outlaw turned out to be above the law.

On the outcome of Jesus' life Pannenberg builds his entire Christology, subordinating to the resurrection of Jesus (a) the divinity of Jesus, (b) the earthly life of Jesus, and (c) the present reality of Jesus to us. There is plenty of sense in this, for the divinity should be the ultimate meaning of the life, the earthly life should depend on the outcome for its meaning, and the present reality should depend on the original meaning. If we are going to understand the resurrection itself, however, it seems to me we must reverse Pannenberg's procedure. Pannenberg uses the resurrection to understand everything else, the divinity, the earthly life, the present reality, but this leaves him with nothing to understand the resurrection itself except the general viewpoint that the meaning of life and history depends on their outcome.

Hence, his account of the resurrection itself seems singularly weak, appealing as it does at twenty centuries' distance to historical evidence, testimony and proof. He has it that the Easter faith of the disciples was based on the

convincing character of the empty tomb and the appearances of the risen Jesus. It seems much more likely to me that the disciples found the empty tomb and the appearances credible on account of their already existing faith in the God of Jesus. In their previous association with Jesus during his earthly life they had learned to believe in his God, the God whom he called "Abba," and this made them ready to believe, in the face of the crucifixion, that God would not finally forsake Jesus. At twenty centuries' distance, where it is impossible for us to verify the Easter appearances and the empty tomb, this is also, it seems to me, the way for us to the Easter faith. We can share Jesus' faith in God as Abba, and this, in the face of Jesus' death and pastness, can lead us to believe that God has raised him from the dead.

The divinity of Jesus, according to Pannenberg, is both revealed and constituted by Jesus' resurrection. This accords with his general view that the meaning of a life is both revealed and determined by its outcome. The idea leads Pannenberg to more or less equate Jesus' divinity with his "exaltation" and to set it off against his "kenosis," the kenosis being simply the earthly life of Jesus in retrospect, compared and contrasted with his risen existence. The idea of retrospect here seems quite valid. But instead of conceiving the kenosis and the exaltation as two successive stages, one might conceive them as two aspects of a single process, God becoming man (the kenosis) and man becoming God (the exaltation), running through the life of Jesus. This leads to the language of John's Gospel, according to which Jesus is "exalted" and "glorified" on the cross. At the same time it leads away from the still somewhat literal-minded notion of the exaltation and resurrection with which Pannenberg stops.

The earthly life of Jesus, apart from the retrospect of his resurrection, is to be understood, according to Pannenberg, in the prospect of an immediate end of the world. Pannenberg's general way thinking, looking toward the future outcome of life and history, probably

disposes him to go along with Biblical scholars who place Jesus in the mental world of Jewish apocalyptic expectations. Jesus thereby becomes a perfect illustration of the general view that a man should live in the awareness that everything depends on the outcome and yet that a man does not know the meaning of his life and of history prior to the outcome. It seems to me that rather than living in "error" about the end of the world Jesus may have lived in a "knowledge of ignorance" about it. He probably realized that he did not know either his own fate or that of the world. What he undoubtedly knew and taught was that both the one and the other were in the hands of God, a God who could be trusted and called "Abba."

The present reality of Jesus, what Jesus is to us, is a matter of vicarious experience for Pannenberg, a question of substitution. Hence our present-day religious experience cannot serve as a point of departure for understanding Jesus. Rather it is to be understood in the light of what Jesus, our substitute, has done and undergone in our stead. Paul had argued: "If Christ be not risen, your faith is vain." Pannenberg in effect continues: "But Christ is risen. Therefore our faith is not vain." I think one could do it the other way around and say "But our faith is not vain. Therefore Christ is risen." Our experience of Jesus can go beyond the level of mere vicarious experience to that of sympathetic experience. We can go beyond merely identifying with him as our substitute and can repeat in our own lives the ins and outs of his negotiations with God. In this repetition we can find the basis for a sympathetic understanding of his life and death. It is by reliving his life, I believe, basically by sharing his faith in God as Abba, that we can understand the significance of his life and participate in its effect.

The basic virtue in Pannenberg's approach is that it shows how meaning derives from outcome, past and future. The outcome of Jesus' life is past, the outcome of our own lives is future, and the outcome of his life sheds light on that of ours. This basic virtue entails also a basic defect. The approach emp-

ties the present. It is out of the present, I think, that we understand both the past and the future. Our understanding of Jesus' life and its outcome and our understanding of our own lives and their outcome is conditioned by our present situation. So the more we understand our own present mentality the better we will understand why we tend to think as we do about the past and the future. The futurism of our present mentality, "waiting for God" and "waiting for Godot," for example, lies behind Pannenberg's own thinking about the life of Jesus and the meaning of history. One will understand better when one goes from simply understanding the past and the future in the light of our present mentality to understanding simultaneously that present mentality itself.

Supernation at Peace and War

DAN WAKEFIELD

Atlantic, Little, Brown, \$5.95

DAVID CORT

With such a title, one must be alerted to the fact that it may not be "supernation" or "peace" or "war," and that the whole title may be a striving for irony. The irony is in fact there, but Dan Wakefield is on serious business. He is addressing the great question today, always expressed with breathless anxiety: "where is it happening?" The "it" is always wonderful or terrible; the "where" is unknown to the normal citizen and is constantly shifting. By the time one has found "it," the "where" is already elsewhere.

For four months in 1967 Dan Wakefield, an honorable and exact reporter, toured America looking for "where it's happening." His search was focused by the fact that, in the current editorial fashion, the two issues he considered important were Vietnam and the internal revolt of Negroes and youth. Much of what is really happening will surprise most readers.

Here we see draft-dodger headquarters in Toronto, anti-war Happenings, hippies and college editors, police rou-

tine in ghettos, Watts militants, miscellaneous strikers, the all-male sexual revolution, the all-female feminine revolution. Wakefield, punctiliously, also records the non-revolters: the TV watchers, football players, businessmen's clubs, champions of "the silent center," Negro veterans, the retired, Indians, Mexicans, patriots, war-lovers, the American Legion, troop-entertainers, John Wayne, the ROTC et al.

A classic satirical tone is adopted at the beginning. Swift and Sterne sometimes used it: an innocent credulous voice producing effects of dead-pan irony. Thus the U.S. is regularly referred to as "Supernation" or "their country"; *Time* magazine as "an invaluable publication for revealing what is socially and politically acceptable in the society at any given time." But for any one of a number of possible reasons, Wakefield presently drops this style and goes about his business straightaway.

Still, the material lends itself to satire. A TV program gives prizes to contestants who can load their supermarket cart with the most valuable merchandise in a given time: thus, a mass course in skilled looting. A 31-year-old businessman, after a sampling of "blowing grass, McLuhan and Mao Tse-Tung," turns hippie and takes the name of "Plastic Man." The blue-collar unions have taught the white-collar unions (teachers) how to get prosperous: strike. The feminine revolution has nothing whatever to do with the sexual revolution. The reactionaries have opinions and votes, but they don't have the writers. "Co-opting out" is the new form of selling out.

Together with the acute and faithful reporting, Wakefield does a good deal of reasonable and balanced editorializing. He does not ask—nobody does—how ephemeral are these phenomena? Or rather, which are ephemeral and which are not? A weakness in Negro revolt is that the rioters may have jobs when the next riot falls due. A weakness in youthful revolt is that youths tend to grow older. Wakefield indeed gives a lot of evidence that the society is trying to do something about the alarms and disorders.

But in the quietest way possible he finally exposes what he really thinks about all this. It is not at all what has been shown above. For in a brief appendix he gives a quotation that our world is in "the last stages of the insanity which will soon finish it." This eschatological shriek is evidently what he wanted to say. But the observed material that precedes it does not at all justify the shriek. Consider the material; forget the shriek.

The Disney Version

RICHARD SCHICKEL

Simon and Schuster, \$6.95

JANE GIBSON

Shedding illusions is a painful business at the best of times. However, once the reader of this biography of Walt Disney recovers from the initial shock of discovering that Walt Disney never could draw Mickey Mouse, let alone scrawl the loopy signature that was his trademark, the whole Disney contraption begins to fall apart fairly effortlessly.

The Disney Version does not intend to be an exposé of the "warm," "wonderful," "magic" man; it is more of an attempt to "view the creator of popular culture in the perspective of that culture" (the author's words). Still, it's not surprising that when Schickel, seemingly the devil's advocate, was writing the book he received almost no cooperation from either the Disney family or the Disney studio (chief perpetrators of the Disney myth). As a result, details about Disney's personal life are scarce. This is a pity as they might have thrown more light on the man himself who, after 366 pages, still remains something of an enigma. Lack of family anecdote, however, is compensated for by the reminiscences and observations of many of Disney's contemporaries.

The story is full of statistics, because statistics best seem to tell the story of the small-town American boy who made it from rags to riches and ended up as King of Disneyland with a fortune of over \$116,543,000. Uncle Walt turns out to be a giant corporation whose

most successful product was himself. He was certainly a superb entrepreneur if not much of an artist—Disney disliked the word “culture”; he thought it sounded unAmerican, and once he confided to a journalist: “I’ve always had a nightmare, I dream one of my pictures has ended up in an art theatre.”

An excellent sense of timing marks Disney’s whole career. As a young man he was astute enough to realize, long before most people, that there was a future for the cinematic cartoon. Success, when it did come, was quickly followed by competitors. Disney reacted by expanding his activities to include his much praised, much criticized nature films. Then came a spell, and it’s not over yet, of wholesome family entertainment—*Mary Poppins*, *Pollyanna*, *The Happiest Millionaire*, etc., etc. Finally, his dream of Disneyland. Each undertaking was a financial gamble and each undertaking netted him a huge profit. Disney does not appear to have been a particularly subtle observer of society. His success seems to have been based on his ability to translate his private dreams into a commodity that the public wanted. Schickel sees him not just as an individual but a type—the midwestern go-getter.

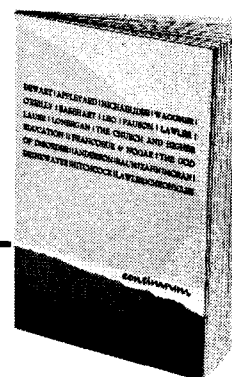
However much one criticizes Disney’s methods and techniques there will always remain a market for clean, sentimental humor, for adorable cuteness and cliché-ridden lines, and it will always defy criticism. Besides, although no artist himself, Disney, through his studio, advanced animation to its furthest point and developed many technical advances, without which animation would not be considered either an art or a profession today. Disney was actually no worse a sinner than the rest of Hollywood, perhaps a bit more honest than most of his contemporaries. He had no trouble in admitting that he was in the business for the money and he did honestly believe in giving value for money. One can shudder at his bastardization of *Snow White* and *Alice*, but even so there still remains the immortal mouse. There is an amusing section in the book which deals with the triumphs of Michael Maus, as he was

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12 July 1968: 475

known to his German fans. He was expelled by Hitler, and denounced a war-monger by the Russians; King George V of England refused to go the movies unless a Mickey Mouse film was shown; even native African tribes would turn down gifts of soap if they were not stamped with his outline.

The Disney Version is depressing and informative. It turns out that Disney himself was not so much to blame; he was only the mass communicator embodying a good deal of the spirit of our times. But in tracing his career and recording his achievements (for what they may be worth), Schickel exposes some ugly things about the general level of our so-called popular culture and draws some depressing conclusions about the direction it's going. Apparently we're in for a lot more rosey-hued, sentimental, crudely comic Disney versions.

The Conservative Tradition in America

ALLEN GUTTMAN

Oxford Univ., \$6

JOHN RATTE

The age of ideology has died often, but never stayed buried. At the close of the 1950's Daniel Bell announced the exhaustion of the nineteenth-century ideologies. And then Americans witnessed the advent of an admixture of supposedly conservative values and ideals which swept a student Right into prominence, and provided a "conversion of ideas into social levels" powerful enough to nominate Barry Goldwater. No sooner had that ideological cactus dried up than new blooms flowered on the left: from the Port Huron manifesto of the nascent SDS to yesterday's Black Power ultimatum, all our politics seem parodies of the doctrinaire, if not the demonic, aspects of late modern European history.

But none of it is the mainstream, as Richard Nixon and Lyndon Johnson well know. When Americans have an itch for ideology, they pull the curtains on the real world of pragmatic politics and take to books. One of the many im-

portant things to be learned from Allen Guttman's excellent study is that Conservative thinking in America retreated early from practical politics into literature, leaving the field to something else which we know as conservatism (with a small c): a negative attitude toward social change, "a passionate affirmation of the value of existing institutions" (Samuel P. Huntington), but more specifically, "an outspoken attachment to nineteenth-century Liberalism in general and to the doctrines of laissez-faire economics in particular."

After sketching the fundamentals of Burkean social philosophy as the model followed by the political Conservatives of the revolutionary period, Professor Guttman argues that "the Conservatives'" dream of a hierarchically structured society of prescribed values and restrained liberty has continued on as an important and usually unrecognized aspect of American literature." And he illustrates his argument with a discussion of the imaginative evocation of the past-as-model in the works of American writers from Calhoun and the Southern novelists of the nineteenth century to James Gould Cozzens and the "New Conservatism" of the 1950's, with major plumbings of the works of Irving, Hawthorne, James, Henry Adams, Howells, Faulkner, and T. S. Eliot in between.

But *The Conservative Tradition in America* has stirred passions on both the left and the right because it is throughout an articulate and carefully reasoned critique of the polarization of past and future, craggy castle and bland utopia, which has long dominated American social and literary criticism. Guttman is able to understand the Conservative tradition because he approaches literature as a humanist and as a social scientist. Such imaginative sympathy produces critical insight into the intellectual limitations of Conservative thought and a more generalized evaluation which can discover a positive role for the object of Conservative desire: man's past.

Some "for instances" are in order. Guttman shows that just as literary and theoretical Conservative thinking found its roots in politics, it longs to grow into politics once more; but this

means that its exponents must ally themselves with conservatives of the type of Goldwater and Reagan and of course what *they* are busy conserving are not the values of hierarchy, prescription, divine intent and mystery, but those of free enterprise, competition and unreconstructed individualism. The point is clearly made that Conservative political theorists of the cast of William F. Buckley and Willmoore Kendall are (or were) dangers to the secularist tradition: men who may make an anti-Communist revolution "for reasons of God."

Guttman comments: "It is not, then, only the Marxist who threatens to appeal from established institutions to some ultimate authority that absolutizes his values, before which the decisions of ordinary politics are of little import." And Guttman understands that the Christian-aristocratic version of mass society theory, especially as it was expounded by T. S. Eliot, should be studied in the context of a slow liberalization of Catholic social thought—though I would want to emphasize *how* slow—culminating in the disavowal of the notion of integrated church and state in search of which Eliot set sail "like the Tories of the 1770's."

One question is not raised: what will happen to the pseudo-religious character of a Conservatism like that of Kendall, who writes of his loyalty to "the God whose name is Yahweh, and around whose revelation, united in St. Paul with Greek philosophy, has grown up that which we know as Western Civilization," when the word gets through that Christ lives, even without "Western Civilization"?

But the mark of a true exercise of intellect is that it criticizes to build.



REVIEWERS

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JOHN RATTE teaches in the history department at Amherst.

Here lies the quality of Guttman's book. It is his argument at the end that Conservatism, not at its ideological woolliest, but at its artistic and critical best, is one more ideal type of social organization, like social democracy and liberal democracy, and that it has a contribution to make to our search for a good future. "It is hard to imagine," he writes of the New Conservatives, "that their decline will not continue, but it is possible to hope that certain aspects of Conservatism can be incorporated into the pragmatic form of social democracy that has become the status quo." The gift of Conservatism will be man's consciousness that he has a history, that he lived differently yesterday and that it is his fate to live differently tomorrow. This book is in fact a plea for education, a plea for a "sense of the past" as "an indispensable part of civilized existence."

And he ends well: "'Socialism,' wrote Irving Howe and Lewis Coser, 'is the name of our desire.' Encouraged by the fact that their epigram is an amendment of Tolstoy, I should like to amend them: socialism with a sense of the past is the name of my desire. To state a goal is not, of course, to attain it, but the prerequisite for its attainment is to be clear about directions, to know the name of our desires."

CORRESPONDENCE



(Continued from page 451)

any lessening of the strength of our communion with the Universal Church through its sign and worker of unity.

What I was trying to convey is the positive contribution made to our modern growth by the theological understanding of our bishops of the role of the hierarchy as set down in the various documents of Vatican II, in particular in *Lumen Gentium*. As so well stated by this document, the bishops of the world are not to be considered as exclusively the delegates of the Holy Father but truly heads of the local churches. Their recognition as forming also a juridical body through their Na-

tional Conference is a matter of the utmost importance in the modern Church. I feel that we in Canada have used these renewed theological insights to their full value and we have been assisted in this development by outstandingly open and cooperative Apostolic Delegates in recent times.

Finally, let no one be scandalized if the Synod of the Church of London attaches so much importance to the consensus of the faithful people of God. "The body of the faithful is one of the

witnesses to the fact of the tradition of revealed doctrine, because their consensus through Christendom is the voice of the infallible Church . . . One man will lay more stress on one aspect of doctrine and another on another; for myself, I am accustomed to lay great stress on the consensus of the faithful . . . I think certainly the teaching Church is more happy when she has such enthusiastic partisans about her as are here represented than when she cuts off the faithful from the study of



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her Divine doctrines in the sympathy of her Divine contemplations, and requires from them an implicit faith in her word, which in the educated classes will terminate in indifference, and in the poor in superstition." This, Sir, is not Carter 1968 but Newman 1859.

G. EMMETT CARTER
Bishop of London

Age Strikes Back

Hastings, N.Y.

To the Editors: I have never before so clearly encountered a *good* person of my generation, solely in something he had written, as Robert Zoellner in his piece: "Confessions of a Middle-Aged Moralist" (June 7). His empathy with (i.e., love of) our young generation is remarkable, and not displaced, to this reader at least. There is his own evident concern with morality. More particularly, I am also grateful to him for a word new to me: *premor*. We have needed it a long time; and I think his phrase "a premoral look at reality" is memorable and useful . . .

I take only one issue with Zoellner: He says:

" . . . now comes a young generation which, having grown up with us, and having tasted in the most intimate way the emptiness of our lives, *somehow* has been set free, innocence intact, to find their own morality."

Was the "emptiness of our lives" to blame? While we all know that good *can* come out of evil, the greater probability is that good comes from good. And I suggest that a good argument can be made for the fact that, if (as Zoellner says), our young may be "the first innocent generation that America has produced," our own generation, their parents, may have had something positive to do with that, for all our fumbling, stumbling and bumbling in rearing them.

I have seen my children grow up into very *good* people: responsible, mature persons; happily married, productive, *et al.* This came after some rocky, "uninhibited" years of adolescence. And I raise the question: did it come despite, or because, they were raised more permissively, in a "freer" climate, than

either my wife or I were raised? . . .

Our children were raised (often with the help of Dr. Spock and/or random psychiatrists) better than *we* were; which seems the logical reason they turned out better . . . Surely, there have been countless past generations of rebellious but *repressed* (and fearful) children; righteously reared by rigid parents. For whatever reasons, our generation (by and large) did not repress our children with the same kind of rigidities, or as much.

Couldn't that have contributed to their growing up "freer", with concerns about morality and seeking for it, instead of having distaste for it?

VICTOR T. RATNER

Largo, Fla.

To the Editors: Perhaps I have missed the point in Robert Zoellner's article, "Confessions of a Middle-Aged Moralist" (June 7), but I would classify the students thoughts not as merely premoral, but prehuman, prehistoric, pre-Christian, and pre-occupation with animalism and concupiscence.

"If you're going to do it, you'd better know how to do it right" could well apply to the choice of literature for a freshman-sophomore English class.

WALTER ZOELLER

Rochester, N.Y.

To the Editors: As a 1936 graduate of a secular university returning to college in 1967, I experienced, along with Robert Zoellner ("Confessions of a Middle-Aged Moralist," June 7) a sense of cultural shock.

The sight of the campus itself, on a warm September day, was the first surprise. Students of both sexes lay about in the sun surrounded by candy wrappers, paper plates, garbage, and soft-drink cartons. They did not collect the litter, but expected a crew of cleaning men to do this for them.

A guard is seated at the library door to inspect one's brief case. A turnstile leads to the bookstore which is patrolled by a Pinkerton guard. These students steal.

They also eat—all the time. They eat three meals a day, in-between classes

and during classes. They must certainly be the best-nourished generation in this country's history. Why, then, this inappeasable appetite?

Graffiti, in my day, adjured "Beat Hobart"; they are now couched in the terms mentioned by Daniel Callahan (Bust No. 2 at Columbia, June 7).

I cannot agree that sexual license, dishonesty and disregard for the rights of others have an innocent "premor" charm about them. Perhaps nobody over sixteen has the right to be premoral.

ELIZABETH GIBSON

Paterson, N.J.

To the Editors: It is incredible that "middle-aged moralist" Robert Zoellner discovered a generation gap in morality because of different reactions to a *Playboy* gate. Actually both he and his "premor" young man and girl friend are in the same immature morass when they regard a nude woman as a body-thing, not a person. In the Christian vision, a woman is not a "something" to be appraised with a "cool, detached, judicious" glance.

It is also rather sad that he cannot give a Christian answer to his front row literature student who thinks mature sexual love is just a matter of "doing it right." How could poor Hermine ever have understood what it means to love Steppenwolf if she dispatched Maria to impart "first lessons"?

I wonder if Mr. Zoellner took time to weigh the meaning of the "shy guffaws" from the boys and the blushes by the girls. Were these "premor" reactions, too? CASSIAN A. MILES, O.F.M.

A Black Retort

Chester, Pa.

To the Editors: As a black man who has lived all of his life in a black ghetto, may I give my reactions to "The Fire Now," by Eldridge Cleaver (June 14)?

First, the idea of terror and sabotage has been discredited by men who have made successful revolution. . . Lenin called them "Left-wing infantile disorders" and showed that the enemy was not the Czar but Czaristic institutions. Bombs only gave the police an excuse

to exterminate the revolutionary brains. Mr. Cleaver should read about the Jews' fight in the ghetto of Warsaw. They had plenty of spirit, but geography was against them. The Germans simply surrounded the ghetto and the battle was lost. It is semantic madness to think that New York is the Vietnamese jungle. The geography of the ghetto simply does not contribute to successful terror and guerrilla warfare.

Mr. Cleaver also leaves out the basic fact: Negroes are a minority—the Algerians were not, the Africans are not, the Vietnamese are not. They are a majority oppressed by a minority. We are a minority oppressed by a majority. How do you meet this problem? In all men there is an innate sense of justice, and if we tie our cause to this vital part of man, the issue ceases to be one of the Negro and one of justice, and the cause of justice is a majority cause fight against a minority cause of injustice. This is the way out of our minority status. It is therefore nonsense to insult the liberals of any race. We need all the help of justice-loving people regardless of ethnic status.

Finally, nothing leaves me colder than Mr. Cleaver's great enthusiasm for the masses. The Latin writer Sallust said that the masses "are obedient and prone to the belly." I notice that speakers in the ghetto who speak of great ideals draw very small crowds, but bring up a rent issue or a bread issue and see how many you will get. We need an avant garde intelligentsia that has a vision and who will drag the masses along. Any civil rights leader who depends on the idealism of the Lumpen proletariat is sunk before he starts. It is the thinking proletariat and the intelligentsia who have the key. Hegel was right: "The penalty for not knowing history is to repeat the mistakes of history." Mr. Cleaver should stop reading sociology so much and read more history, philosophy and economics.

J. PIUS BARBOUR

Dylan's Mystery

Windsor, Ont.

To the Editors: Jean Strouse points

out in "Bob Dylan's Gentle Anarchy" (June 21), that Dylan has returned to his original folk mode in his new album, *John Wesley Harding*: a deceptively simple style, a controlled and mocking dramatic mode. But Miss Strouse has not mentioned a central and very obvious irony. John Wesley Hardin, the hero-figure of the album's title song, is a very peculiar choice as a Robin Hood friend to the poor and down-trodden. Harding, as many of the post-Civil War Western gunmen were, was an unreconstructed Southern rebel. In his book, *The Life of John Wesley Hardin As Written by Himself*, Hardin reveals all the standard prejudices and bitterness that prevailed in the defeated but yet defiant South. His first serious trouble began when he killed a Negro and fled from the State Police (mostly at that time composed of freed Negroes).

John Wesley Hardin was a redneck. Why Dylan chose him as a folk-hero is an intriguing mystery.

EUGENE MC NAMARA

Chicago, Ill.

To the Editors: Re Jean Strouse's evaluation of Dylan's album (June 21): she forgets the music. If you listen to Dylan long enough, you change, even if you ignore the lyrics. Why torture our minds over the philosophic content of the lyrics when the music itself puts us in touch with him? It is the music itself which has the strongest and most lasting effect. Dylan's rhythms, unlike rock, most folk and jazz (not to mention the more straight genres) get you way down in the pit of the stomach. They are more in tune with Africa, than with the civilized West. An analysis of his language is interesting, but it barely touches the significance of the album which after all is a piece of music. . .

Dylan, in his music, deals basically with the anxiety of over-rationalized society. His tom-tom rhythms introduce us to senses we have long forgotten. If the introduction is sudden enough in the masses it may be recorded as a revolution, a social revolution, political revolution, economic revolution.

WILLIAM J. SULLIVAN

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